



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

MARCH, 1881.

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ALMANACK FOR				MARCH, 1881.							
1	T	☉ rises 6.47 A.M.	9	W	☉ rises 6.29 A.M.	17	T	☉ rises 6.11 A.M.	24	I	☉ rises 5.55 A.M.
2	W	Ash Wednesday	10	T	☉ greatest dist. f. & ☉	18	F	Daybreak 4.15 A.M.	25	S	Lady Day
3	T	Ven. sets 10.10 P.M.	11	F	Orion sets at midnt.	19	S	Twil. ends 8.5 P.M.	26	S	☉ least dist. from ☉
4	T	Clk. bef. ☉ 11m. 50a.	12	S	Sirius S. 7.18 P.M.	20	S	3 SUNDAY IN LENT	27	S	4 SUNDAY IN LENT
5	F	Jupiter sets 9.7 P.M.	13	S	2 SUNDAY IN LENT	21	M	(Spring Q. begins	28	M	Venus greatest bril.
6	S	1 SUNDAY IN LENT	14	M	Castor S. 8 P.M.	22	T	Pollux S. 7.40 P.M.	29	T	New ☉ 10.38 P.M.
7	M	1 Quar. 8.2 P.M.	15	T	Full ☉ 10.37 P.M.	23	T	Clk. bef. ☉ 6m. 53s.	30	W	Leo S. 9.30 P.M.
8	T	☉ sets 5.51 P.M.	16	W	☉ sets 6.4 P.M.	24	W	☉ 3 Qr. 3.29 A.M.	31	T	☉ sets 6.29 P.M.

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A SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND SUCCESSION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

BY  
**J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.S., ETC.,**

AUTHOR OF "ACADIAN GEOLOGY," "THE STORY OF THE EARTH," "LIFE'S DAWN ON EARTH," "THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD," ETC.

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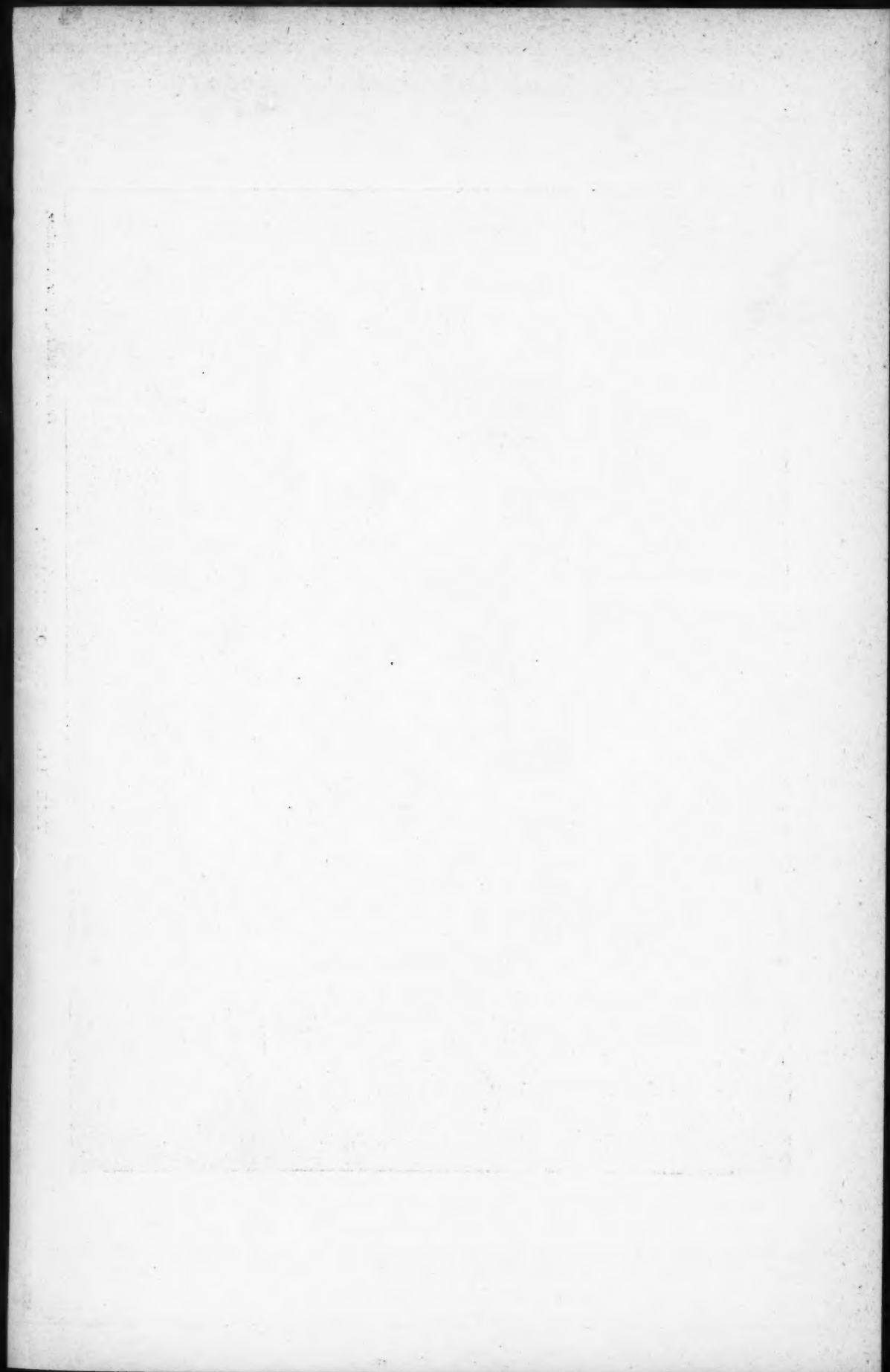
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THE LION DOG OF MALTA.

*From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer,*

THE LION DOG OF MALTA.

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## "WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.



A WORDY FRAY.

### CHAPTER VII.

"A power that will not be repressed."—*Scott.*

THE least worthy member of the party was the one who had his wits most ready. Captain Brown nodded to Munro, who returned the salutation coldly, then went up to Sholto and said, "What fools we made of ourselves last night, Winton; I hope you mean to forget my offence as easily as I have forgotten yours. Really our festivities must take the blame of whatever was said out of joint."

But Sholto would not take the captain's hand, for the words spoken at the supper-table were only one added to many taunts which had been rankling ever since Sholto had learned that Captain Brown was really Kate's suitor, and likely to prove a formidable rival—at least so the inexperienced boy had been led to suppose from the very foolish way in which Miss Mowbray permitted herself to talk to others. He had yet to learn that engaged and married ladies in "society" consider themselves entitled to flirt as they please. It is "the girls in the matrimonial market" who have to guard their actions lest they "injure their prospects;" but those who have secured a prize consider themselves at liberty to do as they think right! Alas! for the falsehoods of fashionable life! Can we wonder that true-hearted, noble-minded women shun the "giddy throng," and prefer (as Moore says) to make a cage for *one* love rather than weave nets for a dozen?

Kate Mowbray was thoughtless and did not know how she tortured her poor suitor, and he was sometimes led to doubt the strength of her attachment. More than that, he had all the obstinate daring which belongs to young ardent men whose nature has not become staid; and Sholto would not retract a single step. Partly stimulated by his previous conversation with Dr. Munro, and partly desirous of breaking with the captain altogether, Sholto declared he would not be friends. Then came angry words from both sides. Such angry words as men permit themselves to utter when their passions are allowed the rein—such angry words as can never be recalled, and which are sometimes followed by the bitterest consequences.

It were worse than useless to follow the thread of such a conversation. Enough to say that although Sholto apologised for threatening the captain as he had done, he decidedly announced his intention of passing that gentleman without recognition in future.

Jack Thornton was in consequence led to make some remarks which told the secret of Sholto's humble origin, and Captain Brown was not slow to take advantage of the information.

Drawing himself up while Sholto was standing confusedly attempting to find words with which to answer Jack, Captain Brown said, "Oh, if I had known that Mr. Winton was not in the position of a gentleman—not our equal, in short—I would have made allowance for him. Of course



I have nothing further to say to a person who is not acquainted with the rules of good society."

Dr. Munro had purposely held aloof from taking any part in the wordy fray. He was not unpleased to see that there was likely to be a rupture between his friend and the men who had been leading him astray, for he was fearful that otherwise Sholto would be unable to withdraw himself from their society; and that it was a pernicious influence had been too clearly revealed in the confession of that morning.

From what he knew of their money transactions, and from the little he had seen of Captain Brown, Munro had formed a very correct estimate of the gallant soldier's character, and was assured that Sholto's warlike demonstrations would not be resented personally; but the doctor did not wish to see his friend commit himself further than was necessary, so interposed.

"I think you must see that my friend does not wish his acquaintance with you to continue, Captain Brown, and it is not desirable that it should. Men of your standing and years ought to know better than to provoke a young fellow on such subjects as you have chosen. It is neither gentlemanly nor right, and the less he sees of you the better. You should leave now—and, mark me, keep out of *our* way in future."

The captain glared at Munro very much as a tiger does who is afraid to spring but is tearing its prey in imagination. He measured the doctor's strength mentally, and came to the prudent conclusion that perhaps he had exhibited sufficient courage for the occasion.

"Does not desire my acquaintance! Hum! Ha!"

"Well, that is good," exclaimed Jack Thornton, who had been standing by an amazed spectator of such an unusual scene. "My father's clerk. The son of a village shopkeeper. The companion of smuggling fishermen pretends to teach manners to officers! Your equals are among the men of the regiment, not in the officers' mess-room, Winton."

Poor Sholto was hit hard by that speech, and his face flushed crimson as he turned upon Thornton. He was not prepared for this line of remark. Only Dr. Munro observed the gleam of triumph which flashed across the captain's face as Jack Thornton spoke, but he put his hand on Sholto's arm, and made a sign to him to refrain from speaking.

"We have had enough of this nonsense; come away, Brown," and at that moment Jack, the speaker, was the most sensible member of the party, though at other times it must be said that he rather lacked common sense. Then the couple walked off.

We need not enter into further particulars of this quarrel, as enough has been said to give the key to what followed.

Danford Munro returned home well pleased with the result of his efforts to help Sholto, but a sense of uneasiness obtruded itself whenever he recalled the evil expression of Brown's countenance at the moment when Jack Thornton put a means of

revenge into hands that could use no more soldierly weapon.

"It is well for Sholto that the money obligation is not on his side. That scamp will do the boy a mischief if he can. I am glad I let him see that Sholto had a friend to stick by him, for fellows like Brown think twice before they pit themselves against men. It is raw boys they delight to victimise—the low rogues."

Next evening Munro presented himself at Inveresk Cottage, and, with a boldness which he would not have assumed if his own affairs had been the subject which he meant to discuss with Mona, requested Mrs. Winton's permission for the girl to take a walk with him. The good mother, never doubting that the long expected proposal was coming, gave her consent readily, and in a short time the young couple (made for each other, Mrs. Winton thought) were strolling along the shore towards the pleasant Links which divide Prestonpans from Cockenzie. It is a charming bit of rugged seacoast, and when the tide is out (as it was that evening) there is a broad stretch of firm, *clean* sand and shingle, upon which one can walk without fear of getting slushed all over, and with the certainty of finding many ocean-marvels left there by the ebbing tide. The point nearest Cockenzie terminates in a fine dock, outside of which the rocks take a somewhat dangerous look as they stretch far out into the sea. There are large boulders along the shore at intervals, and the earth has been broken away so much by the sea that a bank has been formed which makes a pleasant shelter. The Links are usually gay with groups of merry children and golf-players; and many a happy hour had Mona spent there when she was a child with Sholto as her companion. Many a happy hour had Munro also spent upon that shore in the same dear lad's society. They both remembered him as they walked slowly onwards—no danger of his ever being forgot. There is almost the beauty of holiness in a sunset scene by the seashore when contending winds have ceased their striving, and the wearing tumult of the day is subdued to a gentle hum. The waves seem to murmur an evening lullaby as they lap the dusky shore, and the parting sunbeams seem painting the tints of their native heaven upon rock, and sea, and sward. It was such an evening scene as this which met the young couple's gaze. Mona never forgot all her life long how the sea, and earth, and sky looked that hour; and many times and oft, in the years that came after, did poor Danford Munro wander wearily over the same stretch of crag and sand, and recall that golden hour which stood out from all the hours of his life, before and after, as *the* green spot in memory's waste.

Of course they talked of Sholto first, and Munro gently informed the sister of all that he had learned. He touched very lightly on the gravest wrong of all; he told her that Sholto had got into bad company, and become involved in pecuniary losses; that he had allowed himself to become engaged secretly to a lady whose position was above his own, and that Mona's services would be required in bringing about an explanation be-

tween father and son, so that the lad might be extricated from his unfortunate position. She listened patiently, seldom asking any questions, knowing that Danford would tell her just what she ought to know, but bleeding at heart for her young brother, in whose early unsophisticated nature she had felt such pride, for whom she had anticipated such a sunny career. Such glorious dreams as she had dreamed of Sholto's future! Had there been anything too great for him to achieve? anything too good to fall to his lot? And now! Every word Dr. Munro said was a blow struck at her idol. She could guess by the careful way he measured his words, by the tender pity in his tone, that there were details left out which would shock her even more. Yet never once did Mona's true womanly heart throb less lovingly for him who had caused it such pain and shame.

"My poor Sholto, how he must be suffering!" she murmured, and then tried to arrange her thoughts so that she might clearly follow the line of action which Munro was desirous she should enter upon as soon as possible.

They arranged a scheme whereby all Mona's powers of persuasion were to be brought to bear upon Mr. Winton, so as to prepare the way for Sholto's own confession and forgiveness. Neither doubted that the father would stretch out a helping hand, but they feared the way it would be done.

Sholto had outraged all his father's prejudices, his ideas of rectitude, his commands; who could wonder if the old man should speak strongly! Perhaps, in his righteous anger, he might insist upon conditions which Sholto would altogether repudiate. If Mr. Winton had not been alive to the mistake he had made before, there was no reason to suppose that he would acknowledge himself in the wrong now, and yield to Sholto's wishes. But that he must yield, if the lad was to be saved, Mona and Dr. Munro agreed to be necessary, and it was this point that they most anxiously debated.

The young man was very much impressed by the tact and calm judgment which Mona exhibited in arranging all that was to be said. Sholto's case was safe, if it depended upon her discretion.

"You will manage for him better than any one, I see, and we will be having our laddie at the top of some tree after all," said the doctor, hopefully, and he glanced down at her pale face.

Mona lifted her eyes appealingly, as Sholto had done.

"Ah, Dr. Munro, he may climb to the top, but I shall never forget that he has fallen. If any one but you had told me that Sholto had been so weak, so foolish, I could not have believed it. What would I not give to wipe the last year out of his life, and find him my good, guileless brother again! Oh, my poor boy! My poor Sholto!"

And then she broke down, and had to take the support of Danford's arm, while her tears fell heavily upon the burnished sand at their feet.

Dr. Munro could stand a good deal in the way of women's tears. He met them wherever his profession called him. Tears of fitful temper;

tears of morbid hysterical sentiment; tears from the depths of a divine despair; tears of downright affectation; and tears wrung from pain-closed eyes—the most touching drops of any. He had steeled his heart to resist them. He had even taught himself to laugh at some, and to treat others with a water-bottle shower. But then he was not in love with any of the fair weeping ones, and that made all the difference.

As Mona leant upon his arm, and tried to hide her face so that he might not see the heavy drops which were falling from those eyes, he felt his emotion was getting the better of him. Resolutions began to vanish like cobwebs under a thunder-shower. While Mona needed no comfort, no sympathy, while her life was all sunshine, he could be silent; but now that she was in sorrow, and had no one to share her suffering, no one to soothe her but himself, he felt it would be cruel of him not to do both with all his heart and soul. And how could he do so better than by telling her how much he loved her? Perhaps it was a selfish way of coming to the girl's aid after all. I do not know. Sometimes it happens that the gratification of self is the way to please other people. Before Danford Munro knew what he was doing he had taken Mona's hand between his, and was telling her, what she had known for a long time, that he loved her as he had never loved any one else, as he never could love any other. Notwithstanding her instinctive knowledge of his feelings towards her, I think Mona was rather taken by surprise, for her thoughts had been so fully occupied with Sholto that her own feelings had fallen into the background. Moreover, her lover had allowed so many opportunities for declaring himself to pass, that she had begun to think he never would, and had almost schooled herself into the belief that nothing could be more satisfactory than the tender friendship which subsisted between them.

Ah! the sudden joy that thrilled through her now as he spoke, and that told her that nothing less than such words were needed to make her happy. Her tears were checked. Sholto's difficulties were forgotten. She only heard her lover's words, only felt the clasp of his strong hands, only knew that the barriers were beaten down from between their hearts.

The sun had gone down behind the hills of Fife, but a shower of his parting beams lay scattered in long waves of gold across the Forth, and over the beach and green Links. And when Munro had come to a pause in his not very coherent or sensible speech, the young couple were standing within those golden lines bathed in their glory, dazzled by the rosy light.

"Shall we take this for a good omen? See, Mona, how beautiful this sunshine is. It is gleaming on your face and hair as it did that evening by the thorn-tree. It is making you look like a vision of an angel. But you have not answered me. Look at me and speak with this glory wrapping us in its mystic folds."

By these words you will observe that Dr. Munro had gone just a little mad in his speech, and Mona evidently thought so too, for she smiled coyly,

and whispered, "You are so very poetical that I must not venture to utter my commonplace words after that."

"Mona, the light is fading out; speak to me before it is gone," he said, with a strange quiver in his voice.

She looked up at him, and the mingled love and sorrow in his gaze drew her heart to his at once, as she said, simply, "I do love you, Danford; I shall always love you."

A heavy cloud swept across the track of the sunbeams, and when she spoke they had all vanished, and the shadows of evening had fallen instead. But the fancy in which Munro had indulged when asking her to speak while the light shone on them was forgotten in the rapture of hearing her acknowledge how much she cared for him, and it was only after they had indulged in some of those blissful absurdities dear to young lovers that his thoughts reverted to the shadow which had crossed his mind at the moment when the light began to fade.

"Shall I tell her now?" he asked himself. "No; I ought not to spoil this one hour of pleasure by the story; it will come in time enough."

He had no intention of concealing the skeleton in his cupboard from her, but he believed no harm could come of keeping the door shut for one day or two longer. He would then explain—what she knew—that he had been hurried by his sympathy into a declaration, and she would understand and excuse him. But he said, "Mona, do you remember how we talked that evening when Sholto was with us at the thorn-tree?"

"Yes; I remember, very well. Poor To! We were speaking then of broken idols, but I did not dream how soon I would be called 'to cover his transgressions with love,' as you said."

"Broken idols! If broken, then idols no more," he murmured, dreamily.

"Do you know that I have Sholto's bit of hawthorn planted by my window, and it is growing quite nicely—just as, I hope, my love for him—and—you, will grow? I hope it will keep green as long as my recollection of that time will live. I think of what you said then every day, and I ask God to keep me faithful to my promise."

"And you do not love Sholto less since you heard that he had gone a bit wrong?"

"Oh, no! oh, no! I would do anything to help him recover himself."

Just then Mona remembered all that had taken place on that evening by the thorn-tree, and a new light seemed to be thrown upon the undefined apprehension which had assailed her on that occasion.

"Danford," she said, "after what has passed to-night, you will not mind if I speak my thoughts to you very much as I think them to myself?"

Of course, he wanted to know her every thought directly.

"I fancy it will please you if I tell you that I have the same feeling about clinging to our friends through evil and through good report. Never, never suppose it possible that I could change! I might have to say that our lives were to be spent apart. But in face of every possibility, remember

always that my love is changeless—changeless as the faith in which I trust!"

"Oh, Mona, don't speak so!" he cried; "your words are like a prophecy. I never can live without you. And yet I can see you turn from me—I know you will when you know—or when—when—I—go—wrong."

"Go wrong! How foolish you are to speak so! Why should you go wrong?"

He meant to tell her then—to tell her everything—but before he could answer a gruff voice from out the dusk said, "Who is that? Mona, lassie, was that you I heard speaking?"

"Yes, father," and the girl drew her hand from her lover's and stepped up to Mr. Winton.

"And who is yon with ye, my lassie? What is your mother after that she lets you daunter about wi' idle folk? It is no' like her ordinar' sense."

"It is Dr. Munro," said Mona, quietly.

"Dr. Munro!" growled John Winton; "has the doctor no better employment than dancing attendance upon lasses that have no need o' him or his medicine? Doctor, I don't like this sort o' thing, and ye know very well that I don't like it."

"I am afraid that will not mend matters, Mr. Winton," Danford said; "but I do not know why you should object to my companionship for your daughter if she does not."

"But I know the 'why' of it, young man; and I tell you it shall not be. Ye have neither the fear o' God or man in your heart, and you are no' fit company for her when that is the case."

"Some men would consider it a compliment to be told that they feared nothing, spiritual or physical," Danford replied, with a grim smile which was lost upon his audience, "but I am really very sorry to have come under your displeasure, Mr. Winton. You may believe me or not, but I have the deepest respect for the manner in which you inculcate your precepts by example; and I hope, whatever my private opinions may be, that you will never find that Miss Winton has been contaminated by them."

"I care nought for your opinions, doctor, but I care for my daughter; and am no' going to let her lose her heart to a chap like you. Lasses' hearts are easy stolen by weel-favoured, saft-spoken fellows, and I dinna blame them. Gentlemen ken how to keep their failings out o' sight."

"You judge me hardly, Mr. Winton."

"No, I don't speak too hardly of you, you ken I don't—though most like you don't know that I've seen you in a state no decent man, far less a Christian, ought to be in."

Well was it that the darkness hid those three faces, so that neither could read the other, when Mr. Winton had done speaking. Danford did not reply. He stepped back as if struck by a blow, but Mona spoke. "I cannot think that this is a time or place to discuss such a subject, father, and I am sure you will say I am right when you consider yourself. You will talk to Dr. Munro another time, but you will please take me home now. Good night, Danford." She put her hand in his, but he dropped it as if he were not worthy to touch it, and fortunately Mr. Winton did not observe his daughter's use of a familiar name



when addressing Munro. They went off leaving him standing there, standing with all the light struck out of his life, as completely as if it had gone down with the sun. And he continued to stand just where Mona had left him until the noise of their retreating feet had died away townwards. He stood like a statue as the evening closed around him, and all lingerers had left the Links, except himself. Then he turned his face to the darkened sea and moaned, "Lost! Lost! Mona lost to me!" The sound of his own voice seemed to startle him, for he glanced from side to side as if he saw a spectre.

"Are the follies of my youth to be tied about my neck for ever? I have striven to do right. I have overcome evil. I have set my feet on firm ground. And now when an all-powerful motive to keep what my will and mind have won has dawned upon me, is it to be plucked away?" Danford's eyes, wandering as if they were sightless over the shrouded landscape, caught the gleam of the light on Inchkeith. As it slowly brightened and faded with the revolving of its reflector he said to himself, "She is like that lamp to me; she shall always be like it to me, sometimes shining on me, sometimes (as she said) perhaps hid, or partly hid, but before me all the same, warning me off the rocks, guiding me to the haven, my star of hope."

We will not pry into his secret thoughts any longer, but leave him beside the spot where he had experienced so much pleasure and so much pain; leave him wrestling with himself, as all large-hearted men do sooner or later, and whether the evil or the good within him gains the mastery we shall learn by-and-by.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"My heart is sair I dare na tell;  
My heart is sair for somebody."

—Burns.

KATE MOWBRAY was presiding in her uncle's drawing-room one evening that week, with her usual gay good-humour. There were one or two young ladies and a duenna to keep her in countenance, but Kate took care that their appearance should only act as a foil to her own. It was sometimes remarked by uncharitable folks that her lady friends were not gifted with brilliant talents or extraordinary beauty; but as Miss Mowbray possessed more than her share of both, she probably took for granted that the deficiencies of her friends were compensated for in that way. Certainly, what others lacked was not noticed by the gentlemen when Kate was present. They had eyes for no one else, and on this memorable evening she was even more than usually attractive. Her dress and ornaments had been chosen with much care. The young officers wondered for which of their number had Kate exerted her arts so much. They were not close observers, and they had not noticed how eagerly she glanced doorwards whenever it opened to admit another guest. Nor would they have been flattered if they had seen the disappointment in her eyes as the

hours went past and the one she expected came not.

Sholto Winton had kept aloof from all his young gentlemen friends—had even restrained himself from calling upon Kate—ever since the promise he had given to Dr. Munro. Jack Thornton had not fulfilled his compact regarding the money, and though Sholto had replaced his own share, he felt very uneasy. After the quarrel which had taken place the unfortunate youth did not like to write and remind Jack of the bargain he had made. "I had so hoped to be able to tell them at home, when I go to confess, that *all* the money had been replaced. Perhaps I had better see Dan first and get his advice, for *he* can manage those fellows, and I can't. I wonder if he would think it a breach of bargain if I accepted Kate's invitation for Thursday evening? No; I am sure he would not, for she was not included among the set I was to avoid; and if any of them are at the colonel's I shall just do as I said—*cut* them!"

Accordingly, Sholto resolved upon seeing his lady fair and having an explanation with her before going home. Just as he was leaving his rooms Jack Thornton came in, looking worried and anxious. "I haven't come to patch up a second time, and I won't detain you one minute. I only came to say that it will be some time before I can lay my hands upon that money, and I am afraid you must wait. Really, Winton, I am very sorry, not only because of your treatment the other day, which makes me wish I had never been laid under an obligation to you, but because—Well, because I don't like drawing a fellow into any trouble, and this business—may—do—you—some—injury."

"It cannot injure me so much in the opinion of others as it has done in my own," Sholto replied, very quietly.

"I am as sorry as I can be, Winton," exclaimed Jack, thoroughly ashamed of himself. "We have been a couple of fools in striving to imitate a dissipated scamp like Brown, and when I am clear of this fix I shall take care how I get into another. But, Winton, what *is* to be done?"

"Wait, I suppose, till you can repay the money, though I had hoped to have settled it all before Saturday. I seem to be sailing under unlucky colours at present."

"There is no way you know of raising the money before that day? I would give anything if it were settled just now. Don't you think your father, or Dr. Munro, would help you if they got a hint?" Jack's manner was so exceedingly concerned that Sholto took alarm.

"Is anybody—any one at the office—suspicious of us—of *me* I mean, Jack?"

"Well, not exactly that, but my father was talking in a way I did not like this morning; and—I do wish the money were ready."

"Would that it had never come out of the safe! I must see what I can do at home, and instead of waiting till Saturday I will go there to-morrow."

Not a word did Sholto say of the pain which he would undergo; and Jack returned home a little relieved on the lad's account, and altogether comfortable regarding himself, for he could see

that if the firm found out what had been done, Sholto would take all the blame upon himself. And Sholto, with a heart weighed down by foreboding fears, proceeded to keep his engagement with Kate.

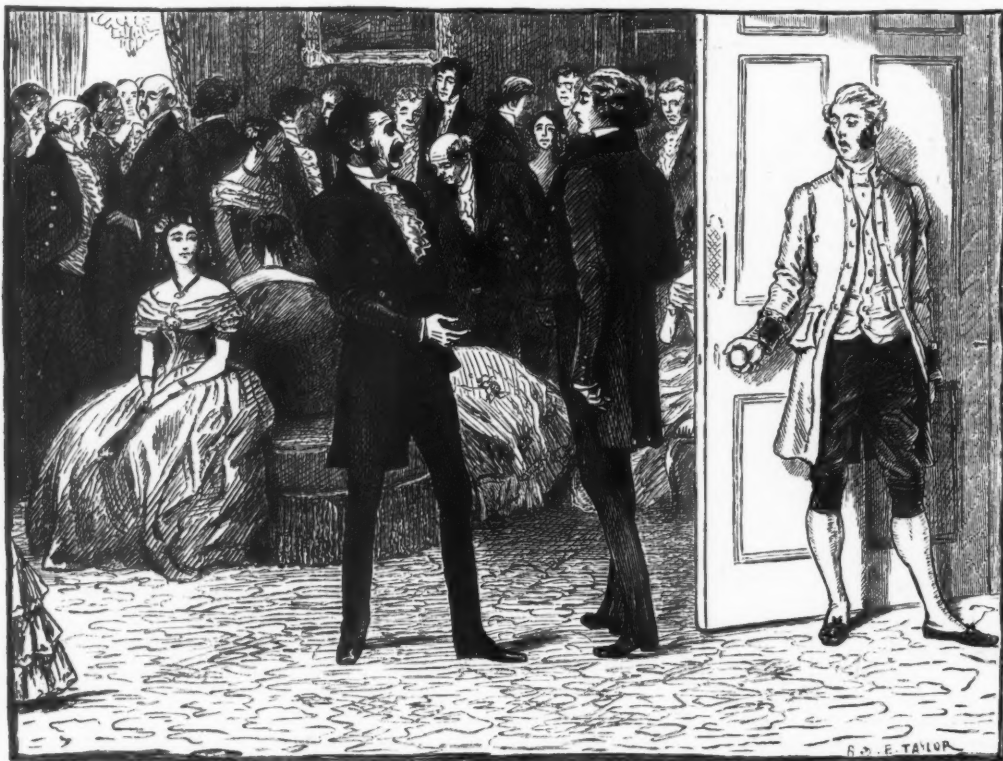
Captain Brown had been exerting himself for some time to draw her attention more directly to himself than usual; but Kate was not in the vein for flirting, and he did not succeed until he was fortunate enough to broach a subject of especial interest to Kate.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Winton lately?" the captain asked; and Kate, not liking his tone, answered curtly, "No."

delighted that he had been successful in drawing her into confidential conversation, replied, "Well, a fellow of his age and with good looks can always pass, no matter what his antecedents may have been. It is only by chance that one gets to see below the surface."

"You are *such* an accurate observer, and delineate character so very well, captain, that I am quite anxious to hear what you have discovered below the surface in this case."

"Oh, well! I don't like to say anything that might be prejudicial to the young man; but the truth is, Miss Mowbray, I was the means of introducing Mr. Winton into good society; and I



THE RIVALS.

"I must say I am glad to hear it, for I have discovered that he is not exactly the sort of fellow one cares to be associating too much with. I don't mean that his character is doubtful," he hastily added, as Kate flashed her dark eyes angrily on him. "Do not misunderstand me. He may be rather a soft fellow, but I do not suppose he is worse, though things have been said. But then people in trade have different ideas about honour and all that sort of thing from us."

"What do you mean, Captain Brown? We all thought Mr. Winton a very gentlemanly, pleasant young man. His manners are unexceptional." Kate spoke in a coaxing, pussyfied tone, which she knew how to adopt, and when; and Brown,

feel that I owe it to our set to say that I was quite unconscious that I had recommended one who was pushing himself forward under what exclusive society calls 'false pretences.'"

"Oh! do explain what that means; I am so stupid, you know, so very stupid, captain! Now do tell me what Mr. Winton has been pretending."

"You seem very interested in the young gentleman," Brown replied, a little maliciously, and with a slight suspicion that Kate was making a tool of him; for clever as she no doubt was in disguising her sentiments, she had not altogether blinded him.

Kate opened her eyes with a look of artless surprise. "Why, of course, I am interested.



Don't you know I am interested in all young gentlemen? And if any of them have a history—you understand what I mean—a romance, or a sensation, or something not quite what one expects, it adds so much to the interest. Please, captain, tell me all about it."

"I can only comply with your command," said the gallant soldier. "I have discovered that Mr. Winton is of very low origin. His father, it seems, has a sort of shop in a village, and weighs out pounds of tea and soap, and his mother keeps a lodging-house. The Thorntons took young Winton into their office as a sort of charity, and Jack has been very kind to him, trying to polish him up a bit and get him into good society. Rather foolish of Jack, but he is a very good-natured fellow. And there is a Winton girl who shares the brother's good looks."

"I have heard him speak of a sister, a girl with a fanciful name. Highland people are fond of grand uncommon names, are they not?"

"But the Wintons are not Highland people. You can disabuse your mind of that romance when you like, Miss Mowbray. They are very commonplace Scotch folk, pretending to be what they are not."

Kate was not experienced enough to detect the personal spite in Captain Brown's remarks, or she would have received his statement with caution, but at that moment the subject of their conversation was announced.

Sholto's quick glance at once detected Captain Brown in private conversation with the presiding genius, and her constrained greeting led him to suspect that his rival had been trying to do him an ill turn. There was some truth in what the captain had insinuated regarding Sholto's ignorance of the rules of fashionable life. If the lad had been at home in them he would have known that men do not obtrude their little differences upon the notice of ladies when they chance to encounter each other in a drawing-room. He would have smiled urbanely and shaken hands with the man whom he had all but kicked downstairs a short time before, and Kate would never have known that they had had a quarrel.

Unfortunately for Brown's scheme of immediate revenge, however, Sholto's want of manners stood him in good stead, for when the captain attempted to greet him as usual the lad drew back with a lofty self-possessed air of contempt which contradicted a great deal of what his rival had been rehearsing to Kate. As we know, Sholto had almost expected the meeting and had arranged his tactics beforehand. The captain retreated and left Sholto master of the situation.

"You two have been quarrelling, I see," laughed Kate. All her usual good-humour and merriment had returned at once. "Do tell me what it was about, and then I will tell you what a heap of stories he was trying to make me believe about you."

"I cannot tell you the cause of our quarrel just now, but when I meet you in the Princes Street Gardens I will tell you all about it, and a great deal more besides, Kate. I am very unhappy, and I want your sympathy"

"Poor old man! You look lachrymose enough, I must say; but now go away and talk to some one else. Uncle is looking this way."

Kate Mowbray certainly shared the colonel's pride of rank and a little of his unbending resentment, and she resolved that if there was any truth in what Brown had said—if Sholto had withheld knowledge from her which she (as his affianced) ought to have known, if he had won her affections while "sailing under false colours," she would give him a lesson he would not soon forget.

Armed with this resolution, she met Sholto the next day, and the interview soon assumed a very different aspect from what he had anticipated. When Sholto said he was unhappy and needed her sympathy he had every intention of enlightening Kate upon those points which it had hitherto been his care to conceal from her. But he meant to do so in his own way, and had some hope that if she could hear the truth from his standpoint she might, after all, forgive the greater part of the deception he had practised. Unfortunately for those hopes, Captain Brown's statement had come first to prejudice the lady's mind, and instead of receiving Sholto's confession kindly, she was more than ever inclined to resent his want of candour.

Before he had got very far in his explanation Kate stopped him by exclaiming abruptly, "Oh, I see, you are going to tell me at last what you ought to have told me at the beginning. But I know all you would say, and more perhaps, and I think you have behaved shamefully—there!"

Poor Sholto was thunderstricken, and all the fine arguments which he had been building up to support his confession fell to the ground at once. His bowed head and utter silence convinced Kate that the captain had really told the truth, although she had rather expected that the poor lad would have something to say in self-justification.

"Perhaps you think," she began again, seeing that Sholto had no intention of defending his conduct, "perhaps you think, because I have been foolish enough to engage myself to you, that I will hold to that in spite of what has come to my knowledge. But you are mistaken. I do not care if you tell all the world that we have been engaged" (she did care very much, however), "for you will have to tell at the same time how disgracefully you tried to deceive me."

"I know I have behaved, as you say, disgracefully," stammered poor Sholto. "I cannot expect you to forgive me."

"I won't speak to you ever again," she cried; "so you can go away and comfort yourself with some village beauty. That will be more to your taste, more what you have been accustomed to admire;" and Kate tossed her pretty head and almost annihilated her lover with her scorn!

Sholto had not gone through the course of love-making which some lads take like measles and scarlatina, consequently he had not learned by experience how to manage a refractory young woman, and Kate's "go away" seemed to him the end of everything. Rushing out of the gardens, he took the road for Prestonpans.

Meanwhile Miss Mowbray sat in the shade of the castle rock expecting his return every moment,

but he did not come, as many a more experienced man would have done, confident of obtaining forgiveness. The fault of which Sholto had been guilty was one which women forgive much more readily than is supposed, for the simple reason that their own fascinations have been the cause of the misdemeanour.

"How stupid of him to keep me waiting so long," Kate said to herself. "It is almost lunch-time, and uncle will be quite angry if I keep him waiting. You shall pay for this, Master Sholto. Foolish boy! I will not have anything more to do with him; but he might have come back to see if I really meant it. Of course I do mean it, and he will come in a day or so, but he shall see that it is no use. As if I could have a retail shopkeeper for my father-in-law, with an apron twisted about him. Oh, horrors! Though, of course, it would be easy enough to keep away from him. In fact I might put the length and breadth of Scotland between us. And really Sholto might be any one. He looks grand and polished enough to be a lord. And then that enthusiastic boyish way of his is so delightful, so refreshing, after all the cold, washed-out, lazy drawling of other admirers of mine. Poor Sholto! what a pity it is that I must give him up!"

She cast many a glance along the pleasant paths as she threaded her way through the gardens, expecting to see Sholto coming towards her; but the truant had evidently departed for the present, and, vowing to be revenged (after woman's own heart), the young lady also departed. Kate went home, and Kate was very saucy and winsome while expecting her lover to come. But he never came; and she was first angry, next sorry, then frightened, and last of all despairing. Though she even wrote a note scolding him, and bidding him come and be scolded—though she followed that letter by one of pathetic entreaty, Sholto never came.

When he left Edinburgh behind he was in that desperate state of mind which is ready to carry a man into any folly or crime. Everything seemed to be going wrong with him, and he was, in a state of restless disquiet. The chastisement of Heaven, he thought, was upon him, but he was only reaping the sad fruit of his own folly. I think if some one had been near him at that moment to turn his thoughts into safe channels, to point him to a place of rest, he would willingly have yielded to the blessed influence; but unfortunately a tempter was at hand to lead him into a very different way.

As he hurried along the road between Mussulburgh and Morison's Haven, scarcely able to think upon any subject, almost stunned by the words Kate had spoken, and conscious of nothing but a sort of forlorn, animal instinct to be near the only friend he could trust, Sholto almost ran against a fisherman hurrying along the same road.

"Hallo! take care hoo ye gang, man," the sailor called out in sharp tones which Sholto knew. Turning round, they recognised each other at once. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Sholto; are you for Prestonpans the noo?"

"Yes. Why do you ask, Thomson?"

"Because I am just going there to start on a

spree after your own heart. Ye'll come wi' us? I've been up to Edinburgh to get tidings o' the Revenue men, and I hear from reliable authority that the cutter is out o' our way. She has gone on a pleasure sail wi' some gentlemen—friends o' the lieutenant who commands her. Is na that just like my luck?"

"I don't believe I care to go to-day, thank you, Thomson! I don't feel lively enough for a run of the sort you are going." But even as he spoke Sholto cast a wistful, hesitating glance seaward.

"Oh, you're just doon in the mooth, a bit o' the sea will pit ye a' right. Yon office wark is no' for fellows o' your spirit, Mr. Sholto. Just come away off wi' the lads, and you will soon get back your fun. It's like to be a dark night, and we will run out without any one being the wiser."

The surf was breaking not far from the road upon which Sholto stood, and the tumultuous sound of many waters accorded well with the troubled state of his mind. There was something akin to his fierce despairing mood in the roll of deep waves bearing the mysteries of ocean to the shore, telling the secrets of the deep in a language known but to themselves. To be taken by those waves and tossed as they willed; to be alone with them, and the gale, and the dark night—there was relief, there was almost joy in the thought; and Sholto immediately agreed to Thomson's proposal, caring nothing for the object of the expedition, only glad to escape from all the world and his own thoughts.

"When do you start?" he asked.

"As soon as I reach the boat," replied his companion. "The lads will be glad to have you with them again, for they always said you brought good luck."

"Then you have not found that the rescue you accomplished has brought any change of luck. Eh, Thomson?"

"The other way, sir, the other way! We have had a real gude time for months. The only drawback has been that we have to be extra cautious 'cause some o' they Custom-house men have got a suspicion of us, and they don't keep their eyes in their pockets—though no more do we, for the matter of that."

"When shall you get back?" asked Sholto, suddenly remembering his promise to be at home on Saturday evening. He did not much care if the time went past and found that promise unfulfilled, yet, with strange inconsistency, he was anxious to show Dr. Munro a reason for his broken pledge. Had it not been for Kate's rebuff, the poor foolish lad would have retained all his former desire to put affairs straight, but that quarrel with the lady of his love had utterly changed the current of his hopes and intentions, and the reckless spirit of despair had taken complete possession of him.

"How long do you expect to be out?" he asked, seeing that Thomson had not heard his former question.

"If all is as we expect, and the Dutchmen keep their word, we expect to run in under cover o' the dark to-morrow, Saturday. We won't break the Sabbath," and Thomson laughed.

"That will do," said Sholto; "but what were you looking at so intently? you did not hear me speak."

"Ye'll excuse me, but fact is I thought I knew the rig of a bit smart sloop out by, and her being where she is doesn't tally wi' my information, if it is the craft I mean."

"The revenue cutter? You know how to give her a wide berth, Thomson!"

"Aye, that's true! but she is growing too fond o' my company, and I must be wary."

They had reached the place where their boat lay. The other men were all there pretending to be busy with their fishing gear, but in reality watching with some impatience for the arrival of their leader. Sholto knew them all, and was greeted with much pleasure. Thomson and he took their places, the sail was hoisted, and the boat stood out the Firth running rapidly before a stiff breeze.

As they went along Thomson told his comrades what he had heard regarding the movements of their enemy, but added that he thought his own eyes were to be trusted before even the spy at headquarters. "I'm much mistaken, lads, if yon isn't the cutter right ahead; and we must not change oor course, or that will make her suspicious. Only we will have to be very sharp on the look-out when we return to-morrow;" and Thomson shook his head.

"We've circumvented her afore, and we'll do it again," remarked another of the men, and his companions cheered his speech.

It is a fact worthy of remark that otherwise honest seamen look upon smuggling as perfectly justifiable. They never dream of considering it a crime, and consider they have done a praiseworthy action when they have evaded or hoodwinked the Excise. Nothing less than rigorous, unwearied efforts on the part of the authorities keep it within bounds; for wherever there is the least relaxation of the usual strict surveillance, there smuggling raises its head at once.

"Expert fellows in that craft," remarked a naval officer, standing on the deck of his cutter, and watching through his telescope the Prestonpans boat as she dipped from wave to wave, her sheet hauled well home, and her bow tossing the spray aside as it dashed through the surf. "You know a little about sailing, Brown; how would you like to be running out to sea in that boat under such an ugly sky as there is to eastward?"

Captain Brown said he would not mind very much; that sort of thing did fellows good at times, waked them up, and shook off the vapours; and then he "talked nautical" for a few minutes while the sloop held on her course, and the distance between it and the boat became rapidly lessened.

"What a delightful change this is from parading in Princes Street or stewing in that horrid club-room. I am sure we owe you many thanks, lieutenant, for giving us such a treat."

It was Captain Brown who spoke, and he expected an answer to his civil speech, but the

lieutenant was silent, he was watching the fishing-boat with rapt attention.

"Ah, I see," added Brown, with his usual vicious smile, "you combine pleasure with duty. Quite right, wish I could do so too; but, on my word, I find it too much for me. Anything queer about the boat? She looks trim enough to be a blockade runner."

"I beg your pardon, Brown, I will attend to you directly. Well, bo's'ain?" to one of his men who had been also making observations.

"Yes, sir, that's the same boat and the same crew I guess, unless indeed the young land-lubber in the stern, that looks more like a lady's lad than a smuggling dare-devil."

"I thought so," said the lieutenant; "we will run alongside and give her a good overhaul. I haven't forgot the trick they played us, and if I mistake not, bo's'ain, that lady's lad (as you call him) was active in giving us the slip on that same occasion."

"We'll pay him and them back yet, sir," growled the boatswain.

Accordingly the vessel was steered so as to cross the track of the boat, while Lieutenant Bruce explained to his guests that he had been told to keep an eye on the Prestonpans fishermen, who were fond of a bit of smuggling at times, and required to be kept in order, and this especial boat had been the object of his attention for some time.

"She seldom goes to sea rigged out for a fishing expedition, yet we can never catch her bringing anything but fish ashore—though it is precious little of that commodity either that she lands. We almost caught her once, when her men evidently had good cause to wish us out of their way, and if they had not played us the prettiest trick you can imagine we would have had them all in jail before the day was done. What did you say, Brown?"

The revenue cutter was almost alongside of the boat, and Captain Brown had recognised Sholto.

"I'll tell you what I said presently. I don't want to be seen by them. Take a good look at the young fellow there, and I will tell you something that will astonish you by-and-by."

So saying Brown dived down the companion, and did not appear on deck again until the boat and sloop had parted company by a long way.

"Now for your mysterious news, captain," cried the lieutenant, and the idle young men gathered together to hear what Brown had to say.

"I know that fair-haired lad that was in the boat. You could see he was not a fisherman. That is young Winton—Jack Thornton's friend—and he has boasted at his own table in my hearing again and again that his liquor never paid duty to her Majesty. I thought it was a joke, and when a hint was dropped that he had seen some queer service I treated that as a bit of boyish boasting, but you see how it is."

His companions were quite silent. They were honourable men, and would not stoop to a mean action. But the part of informer is one that no high-minded gentleman cares to have to do with, and Captain Brown, in his eager haste to denounce



a rival, had forgotten that even an officer in the revenue service might be reluctant to take advantage of the information thus received.

"It may be a mistake, captain," said the lieutenant, gravely; "the lad's face was averted. Upon my word I could not identify him again, not I."

"I could not be mistaken. I know Winton quite well, and so do some of you," Brown added, suddenly turning to his companions, who had withdrawn to the other side of the deck. "You, MacLeod, and you, Johnstone, have met Sholto Winton often. Go after the boat, lieutenant, and they will confirm what I say."

"I do not see any good to be got by doing so."

"Then go to Prestonpans to-morrow, and lie in wait for that boat's return, and you will, perhaps, find the good of my advice then," sneered Brown.

"I am not a spy or a policeman, sir," replied Lieutenant Bruce, hotly.

"No, but you are an officer in the Queen's employ, and your duty is to protect her rights. However, you will do as you please, only I must request to be landed as soon as you get back to Leith. I, at least, know what is due to the service I am in."

"You are on board my ship, Captain Brown, and can safely make any insinuations that you please," and Bruce turned away, too angry and perplexed to say another word, and Brown, seeing he had gone too far, called after him.

"I beg your pardon, lieutenant, I had no intention of wounding your feelings. I merely felt hurt that you did not see the importance of convicting that foolish boy before he does more mischief. It is quite evident that he is inciting ignorant, peaceable fishermen to break the law, and such a course should be stopped."

"Brown, you are an ass!" exclaimed a lad who had met Sholto in the mess-room, and who admired his handsome bearing, as boys do admire each other. This speech set the others a-laughing, and the captain, knowing that it was useless to resent the young ensign's rude words, thankfully got out of his awkward position under cover of their merriment.

The subject was dismissed but not forgotten. As soon as the vessel came to anchor Captain Brown was escorted ashore.

Then the boatswain was dispatched by Lieutenant Bruce with instructions to discover Sholto's whereabouts, as well as to gather information regarding Thomson and the others.

The lad was not at his apartments—had not been either there or at the office, and there was evidently "something wrong," for Mr. Thornton and Sholto's landlady seemed as anxious to receive information about him as the boatswain was. He was not at Prestonpans, but had been seen on the road to it in the company of Thomson. No doubt Captain Brown was right, and it was clearly the lieutenant's duty to intercept that boat on her return home. He sent some men to Prestonpans to make inquiries, which resulted in his receiving intelligence which called him there by train on Saturday evening. His annoyance may be more easily guessed than told, when, on stepping out of the carriage,

he beheld Captain Brown get out of the train also. They shook hands coldly.

"On the same errand, I suppose?" said the captain, with his ugly smile.

"No, certainly not," was Bruce's reply, as he turned on his heel and marched down to the village, leaving Brown to follow when and how he pleased.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Nor for myself do I endure—I sympathise."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

AT Inveresk Cottage that evening Sholto's parents and sister were waiting anxiously for his promised visit. Mona had told the story of his backsliding on the previous day, and though she had done so with the utmost tenderness and care it had shocked them very much.

When Sholto began to break through his leading-strings, and caused his father to insist upon that ill-judged arrangement with Messrs. Thornton, the parents had *dreaded*, but never believed it possible, that he would go astray.

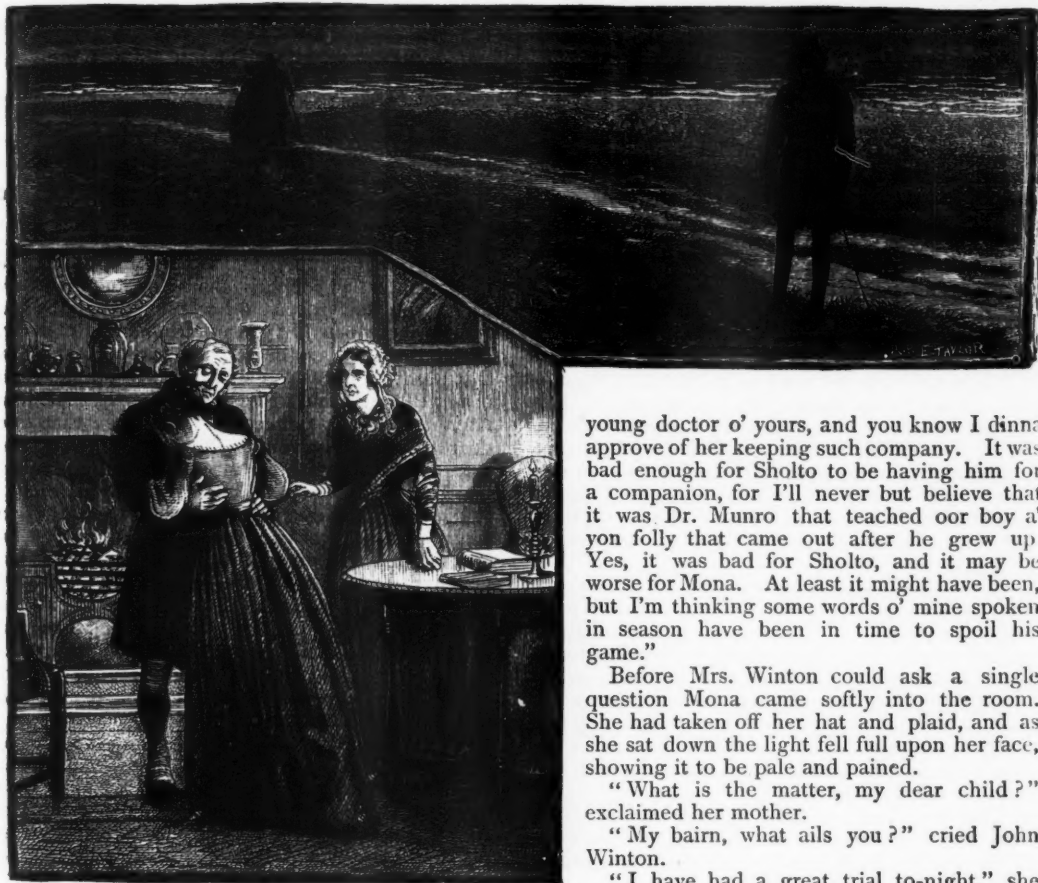
"He never saw any loose on-gangings in this house," groaned the father. "Worship twice every day regular, and to kirk three times every Sabbath, wet or dry, forby the lecture on Tuesday, and Friday prayer meetings; and he never heard profane words from my lips, nor ever saw a glass o' anything stronger than water on my table. I cannot make it out."

"He learned a text at my knee every morning," moaned Sholto's mother, "and the Catechism and Paraphrases on Sabbath afternoon. I think I see the bonnie little laddie, as he used to be, looking up in my face while I told him Bible stories. He liked Bible stories best of any, and would ask often for the history of Samson, or David killing Goliath, or Joshua leading the Israelites to victory. These were his favourites. Who would have thought that our pleasant child would have brought such shame and sorrow to us? Ah, me!"

"Dear mother! Poor father!" was all Mona could say when the talk, and wonder, and pain gathered around those maternal reminiscences of the prodigal's childhood. And then Mr. Winton, moved by his daughter's tender self-forgetfulness, exclaimed, "Let us at least praise God for one child who is all our hearts can desire."

You will have no difficulty in discovering why Mr. Winton should be particularly thankful just then that Mona was dutiful and good when you learn what occurred between this sad Saturday evening and the time when Danford Munro parted from the girl on the shore.

As Mona walked away with her father he remarked, "I'm thinking the doctor did not know that I was aware of his habits. But had he kept himself to himself I'd have let be, for I would no' be too hard on a young man that's had but slack up-bringing, but when it comes to going after my lassie, like I'm thinking he does, it's a different story."



"I cannot retract. I have told Danford as



much. I shall tell him what father told me, and the years to come will prove us both."

Still Mr. Winton was silent, but his eyes were fastened on Mona, and a keen observer might have detected something like tears gathering under the stern man's eyelids.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Winton, complacently, "that is all right and reasonable, but I repeat I cannot see that anything has passed to make you look so unhappy."

Mona gazed from one to the other with a wistful pathetic look; and more than once her lips parted as if to ask counsel in a sore strait, but it seemed that no words would come. From different—very different—points her parents sympathised with her, but neither knew how to help her at that moment.

"You really should not feel so unhappy, Mona," said Mrs. Winton, taking up the thread of her former remark; "I believe it will all come right in time. I consider it was very fortunate that this explanation came about. John, what do you say about such a very important subject? I know you are keenly interested in everything to do with our dear girl, and I would like that she should hear your opinion just now."

All John did was to stretch out his hands and call, in smothered tones, "Come to your auld father, my lassie," and Mona, falling on the kind, rugged bosom, whose true nature she fully knew and appreciated, wept bitterly, and yet was comforted.

Mrs. Winton, considerably alarmed by such inexplicable proceedings, would have come to her daughter's relief with a scent-bottle and other feminine appliances, but Mr. Winton stopped her with his usual abruptness.

"Let the bairn be, wife; we have no' been just wise, I'm thinking, in oer guiding o' this affair. Gang awa' to your bed, for it's late, and you're no' often up till this hour; the lassie will come upstairs in a few minutes. Leave her wi' me, wife. I may no' ken mickle about kittle women's ways, but I ken hoo to speak to my ain lassie, my bonnie Mona."

As soon as they were alone John said,

"I wish I had known how it was before I told you yon, my pet. But I canna be hard wi' you."

"You are always good to me," she sobbed.

"Only what ye deserve, my gude, blessed bairn. I blame myself greatly the noo for no' judging that your affections might become involved in this way, but believe me, lassie, ye shall do just what you please in this matter; my opinions shall no' come in your gate. I judge the strength o' your love by my own for you, and I trust I may never help to break your heart by over-hasty judgment o' the man ye have chosen."

"Thank you, father; dear, kind father; my best friend! But I shall never wish to go against what you think is right. You know better than I do."

"May God bless and lead and comfort you;" and then John bowed his rough face to Mona's shining hair, and mingled his tears with hers, and, if the poet had been gazing on them at that moment, he might have written *then* his immortal lines—

"Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of earth in them than heaven;  
And if there be a human tear,  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head!"

How strange are the subtle sympathies of natures linked together by spiritual affinity. Mona, delicate in perceptions, in everything, knew that her rough-made, unpolished father could enter more closely into her feelings than the mother from whom she had received her refined appearance and its accompanying graces of mind and manner. Nothing could have been to the girl of such value that night as her father's intuitive comprehension of her thoughts and wishes; and when she left him later it was with the restful knowledge that one dear friend had taken on himself a part of her care, and would give her all the help and comfort which can come from a human source.

It was not till one or two days later that Mona ventured to tell her parents about Sholto; not, in fact, till the morning of the day before that on which the prodigal was to come home. Perhaps she would have waited until the time of his arrival was still nearer, if a very good opening had not presented itself. Mr. Winton came in to breakfast, carrying an open letter in his hand. There was a frown upon his brow which boded evil, and the evil was soon told.

"I have an extraordinary letter from the Thorntons this morning. I can't make it out. They say that Sholto is evidently far from happy with them. They hint that he neglects business. I am sure it is months since he made the smallest complaint. They would like if I would come and have some conversation with them about him as soon as possible. Now, what can that mean? I should like to talk to the boy first, and I don't like that kind of talking."

John Winton was as nearly mastered by anger as was compatible with his position as elder in a kirk, when he set his familiar Doric aside and used Scotch-English. He glanced over the letter again, and muttered, "Very strange indeed. Something more in Mr. Thornton's mind than he has put on paper. I believe I ought to go up to Edinburgh and see my son at once." At that moment John's glance fell upon Mona, and he immediately asked (reading something of what she had to tell in her pale, sad look), "Mona, lassie, has your brother said anything o' this to you?"

"Not to me, but to Dr. Munro. Father, dear, I am afraid all is not as it should be with poor To."

And then the whole story came out, and John Winton learned that his own son, the boy whom he had so strictly brought up, had gone as far astray as poor Danford Munro, who had never known the blessing of pious, parental training. All that day the three to whom Sholto was so dear talked and talked of him. Mona's cross was heavy to bear, for she had to put herself and Danford aside, and to do what was possible to soften the parents' affliction. Her efforts

were not without effect, and after a little, Mr. Winton rose up to meet his trial like the strong-hearted man he had always been. He consented to Mona's wish that he should neither go to Sholto or communicate with Mr. Thornton until the former had fulfilled his intention of coming home "to confess." Thus, all active steps were held in abeyance till the Saturday.

But though Mona's thoughts were greatly occupied with her brother's affairs, and her time devoted to their parents, she was not forgetful of Danford. Ah, no! Many times and oft did a loving thought fly to him, for her whole heart was yearning to give him the comfort she was sure he needed. A chance came late on Friday evening. She was standing by her window gazing at Sholto's bit of May growing into a tiny bush, and weeping over the recollections which it awakened, when her ear caught the sound of a distant footfall—a footfall that struck sharp and rapid upon the rude pavement, the decided quick step of a doctor. Mona leaned far over the window-sill, for her heart told her he would not walk so quickly when he came in front of the cottage. And Mona's heart was right. The footsteps came to a sudden pause opposite her window.

"Danford!" she said, softly, and love's quick ear heard, for next moment he was over the low garden wall and standing before her, "I only wanted to say good night—that was all. We will meet when Sholto comes; you will come here with him. I think that will be the best way."

"But, Mona, that will be all time and talk on *his* account. Have pity on my suspense. I do not know what you wish me to do."

"I have told my parents what—what was said, and father is ready, I am sure, to listen to all you may say. Forgive us for being so engrossed about Sholto as to leave other things alone for a little."

"Rather, I should ask you to forgive me for bringing my selfish hopes before your notice at such a time. But, Mona, it is a very vital question that is at stake."

"I know. I have thought about—about it all *much*."

"Oh, thank you, Mona! I have been so miserable. I did not think I ought to come here till you gave me leave, after what your father said. But I will come with Sholto to-morrow. He is to call at my house on his way here."

"Good night, Danford."

"Good night—good night."

He could not very well stand uttering endearing words to a girl looking down from a window overhead. Men prefer giving such pretty utterance to their feelings when the position is reversed, and *they* are looking down—not from a window, however—upon the fair one. Danford therefore did not linger after the "good night" was said, but went on his way rejoicing, and the patient who was waiting his services declared she had never known the doctor so kind as he was that evening.

Saturday afternoon came, but Sholto did not make his appearance. Evening drew near, but still he did not come, and just as Dr. Munro was

setting out for Inveresk Cottage under the impression that Sholto had gone straight there, a messenger from Mr. Winton arrived to ask if his son was at the doctor's.

"He has lost courage at the last moment, and is going to give us the slip after all. Foolish boy! that vacillating way he has will be the ruin of him if he does not take care." Thus thought Munro as he proceeded towards the cottage. There was some constraint in both Mrs. Winton and Mona's reception of him. The unacknowledged difference in his position towards them demanded some recognition. Yet it was not very easy to see how a satisfactory explanation could be arrived at just then. Mr. Winton, however, received the doctor as usual, which was not cordially. His thoughts were very much absorbed by Sholto's affairs, and as Munro was to a certain extent Sholto's envoy, John was willing to consult with him unreservedly about the absentee, but was extremely reluctant to touch on topics of nearer interest to Munro. But during the days which had passed since he had spoken to Mona of his affection he had thought of little else than his position towards her, and he had made up his mind as to how he would act. He was a man of determination, and he was not to be turned aside from anything which he had resolved upon. Therefore, he soon compelled his unwilling host to hear what he had to say for himself.

"Since Sholto has not come as he promised, I think we had better postpone further discussion about his affairs, Mr. Winton, and, if you please, turn to a subject of as deep interest to you, since it refers to your daughter. Mona, do I have your permission to say to you all I have on my mind in the presence of your parents?"

"Yes, certainly," she answered; but in her heart wished he had chosen a more private mode, and I cannot help thinking that the doctor judged unwisely in doing as he did.

"Say your say shortly, then," John Winton growled, yet he was more mindful of Mona's feelings than either of the lovers supposed. "Say it in few words, doctor, for we ken pretty well what ye've got to say."

Munro rose from his chair, and standing close by the girl he loved, protested that he had not meant to act dishonourably, that it was his sympathy in her trouble with Sholto which had drawn him on to an avowal. There were tears in her eyes, but she said nothing, and Munro drew his breath long and hard and set himself to the task before him. It was pride as much as better feeling that impelled him to speak very frankly without glossing over the smallest error he might have committed. "You heard what your father said that night, and I did not contradict it. It was true, Mona, quite true. He would not have said it if it had only been village gossip." And he went on to tell the circumstances of his great temptation. "Forgive me," he said, as he concluded, "that I could not help my words."

"I have nothing to forgive" Mona said, in broken accents; and her father, thumping the table with his fist, exclaimed, "Puir lad! Your parents were much to blame in no' guiding you into the

right way when you were of tender age, Ye've made a manly, honest avowal, and that's a great step in the right direction, so I'm no' going to judge you too hardly. Of course we can't trust our bonnie lassie's life to the chance o' your keeping steady, but ye should not doubt yourself so much—unless, indeed, the grace of God is not in you, even now."

"I am very sorry for you, doctor," said Mrs. Winton, "but I would not look at this trial too despondingly if I were you. If you have been able to conquer the failing during three years, surely you may consider yourself safe to resist it in the future."

"I dinna believe it," John Winton interrupted, rather rudely. "Unless indeed it be come under the power o' grace, and then I own all things are possible wi' Him. But commend me to a religious up-bringing in early youth;" and then John suddenly paused as there smote upon his heart the recollection of what had happened to one whose youth had been hedged about by strictest rule. John bowed his head and groaned. "To resist temptation and to conquer by Divine help, that is the only thing for a man" he said, sorrowfully.

"Would that I could think so," Danford replied, "but I must be honest in this matter. I care too truly for Mona to do her any wrong. If anything could help me it would be Mona's influence, but I dare not ask her to come to me. I dare not dream that she would come to aid me in the struggle."

Mona's two hands met suddenly, and the fingers twined around each other convulsively. The colour went and came on her cheeks, and she lifted her face to meet Danford's gaze. Had they been alone I believe she would have declared she was willing to take the risk of whatever might happen, feeling, as women ever do feel, that there would be less pain in suffering for him, or even through him, than living without him. Women are such weak, foolish creatures when once their hearts have come under the influence which rules them most despotically. But the presence of her parents kept Mona silent.

"It is a hard case, doctor," said Mr. Winton, kindly but gravely, "a very hard case, and a warning to all who allow themselves to take one step aside. I must allow that I respect you since you spoke as I have no' a' the time I've known

you. I am glad your own gude sense shows you that it would no' do for us to give Mona to you as things are. But I do assure you there *is* a way out of your difficulty. Ye'll no credit my word, perhaps, for I ken ye think my religion is no' a matter that can meet practical affairs. But you're wrong, and you'll see you're wrong some day. Believe the auld elder's word. The grace of God can make you more than conqueror over the strongest foe. Why, man, the love of strong drink is not more powerful than Satan himself; yet Satan can be put to flight by an erring man who is armed by the Spirit of God."

Dr. Munro smiled grimly. His heart had not yet been illumined by the Divine light, and he did not see how "such things could be." Moreover, he was determined that he would not act the hypocrite, even to win Mona. He knew that she admired him, trusted him, believed him possessed of the noblest qualities, and he would not have her lose that beautiful womanly confidence in his goodness for worlds.

"I wish I shared your creed, Mr. Winton, but at least you will give me a chance. You will give me time to test your cure for all the evils under the sun."

"Not *my* cure, young man, but God's cure, and until you come to the knowledge of Him and His saving power, you will find yourself even more weak than you believe yourself to be. Beware how you lose time in searching for what you so much need."

Rather startled by Mr. Winton's solemnity, Danford hastened to assure him that he was not undervaluing that Divine Power, he was merely saying that he did not realise its ability to aid him, but that he meant to struggle for the right, no matter what came after, and that struggle would be made tenfold easier if he could anywhere in the far future see the shadow of a hope that Mona would reward him with her love.

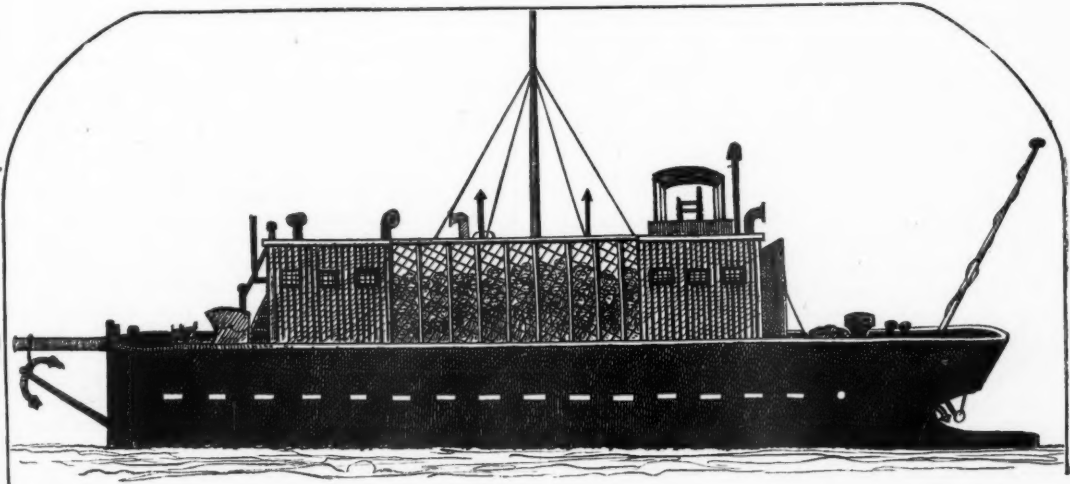
"A time of probation! very reasonable, too," said Mrs. Winton, who was always ready to bring matters to a sensible conclusion. "That is a very common plan in the case of engaged couples, and I am sure you can have no objections to that, John. Just let the doctor prove himself for a time, and then it can all be arranged safely enough, I am sure."

But John shook his head.



## SIBERIAN EXILES.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.



RUSSIAN CONVICT SHIP.

### I.—MISREPRESENTATIONS.

THE traveller through Northern Asia, on returning to more civilised Europe, is constantly asked the following questions: "Was it not dreadfully cold in Siberia?" and, "Do they not treat the exiles *very* cruelly?" Should the traveller explain that he crossed the country in summer and needed only an ordinary suit, his testimony is accepted; but should he be unable to confirm the prevalent notions as to the number, misery, and degradation of political exiles, he finds himself in contact with an amount, not merely of ignorance but of prejudice, which it is very hard to encounter. It is not difficult, perhaps, to account for this, if we remember how very little has been known until lately about Siberia.

Early in the eighteenth century Daniel De Foe made his "Robinson Crusoe" to travel through the country, and, considering that De Foe never went out of England, and had to draw very largely on his own imagination, it is surprising that he made no more mistakes about Siberia than he did. The same might be said of the work of Madame de Cottin, whose story of "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia," was so extensively read, either in the original French or in English translations, in the early part of the present century. At the door of this authoress, it is to be feared, must be laid some of the misconceptions that still

exist as to Siberia and its exiles; for she writes of "regions of eternal winter, where the beautiful flower of spring is unknown" (which regions do not there exist), and she sketches a picture of exile life the like to which I never saw or heard of in the country itself. Her mistakes, however, were the mistakes of imagination, such as any foreign author might commit in writing a story of a country almost unknown.

Less excuse can be made for a subsequent class of writers (some of them escaped or released exiles), who, trading upon the curiosity and interest of the public, have retailed and garnished accounts of horrible severities, which they neither profess to have witnessed nor attempt to support by adequate testimony. In one of these books, by Alexander Herten, published in 1855, the author naïvely says in the preface that, having written in London a work, entitled "Prison and Exile," which met with success, he decided to write another volume. He accordingly did so, and had the effrontery to call it, "My Exile in Siberia," whereas, on reading the book, we find that he was not exiled to Siberia at all, but simply banished to Perm, which is not outside the boundaries of Russia in Europe.

—There is yet a third class of authors, however, whose writings on Russian affairs I can speak of as nothing short of *vicious*. They seem to dip



their pens in gall, and to delight not only in exaggerating what is already bad, but in inventing new horrors which do not exist. For example, a few years ago appeared in London, written by an anonymous author, though published by a respectable firm, a book professing to give information of current affairs in Russia, but which abounds in inaccuracies and the grossest misstatements. To mention only two: the author represents "a whipping-post" as an ordinary feature of a Russian prison, and further states that in Siberia "a pope or priest is sent down into the quicksilver mines weekly to preach to the prisoners patience." Now I have visited Russian prisons from the White Sea in the north to the Black Sea, and even the Persian frontier, in the south, and from Warsaw in the west to the Pacific in the east, and I never saw yet a whipping-post in a Russian prison. I have seen such things in the prisons of England and America, and I have seen a prisoner "birched" in Siberia, but it was not at a "whipping-post." And as for a priest in the mines preaching a weekly homily on patience, I could wish it were true, for those condemned to the silver mines have to work on Sunday, and a weekly sermon on any subject whatever would probably be a welcome respite; but it betrays a strange ignorance of Slavonic affairs for a writer to represent Russian prisoners, or any Russian, for that matter, as hearing a sermon once a week. The emperor himself is not thus favoured. Twice a year would have been nearer the mark.

I have made myself tolerably familiar with books on Siberia, in English, and to some extent, in French, to the number, including some on Russia, of nearly a hundred volumes; and I make bold to say that of all the authors who treat of exiles in the Siberian mines, there is not one that I have seen who speaks as an eye-witness of what he relates; though perhaps, in connection with this statement, I ought to allude to two writers who stand above many of their fellows. The one is Baron Rosen, a Decembrist, who wrote in a truthful and gentlemanly manner, "Russian Conspirators in Siberia," and from the reading of which one gathers that he suffered severely; but he was not in the mines, but at Chita, which is several miles distant. The other author is M. Andreoli, a Frenchman, who joined the Poles as a leader in one of their insurrections, was captured, and sent to the mines, but afterwards liberated. On returning, he began a series of articles on his captivity, "From Poland to Siberia," which were published in the "Revue Moderne" in 1868. But the series was broken off before he reached Tomsk, the capital of Western Siberia, and so we are left without a reliable account of what exile life in the silver mines is really like. The non-completion of these articles is the more to be regretted because, although M. Andreoli, smarting from servitude, gives the Russians some hard raps, yet, having passed through a university, he writes like a man of education, and his style does not raise the suspicion that he exaggerates or wilfully leads his readers astray.

Thus, the one among many writers who *could* have told us of Siberian mines has stopped short

of doing so, whilst many who have taken upon themselves to enlighten us have written a great deal that is unworthy of credit; and when it is remembered that this has been going on for years, and without contradiction or enlightenment in the opposite direction, it is perhaps no wonder that there should exist a great deal, not merely of ignorance, but of misapprehension and prejudice as to exile life in Siberia. I must confess that I went to the country no better informed than the average Englishman usually is. I had heard in St. Petersburg of the horrors of the mines, and the alleged dreadful condition of the prisons, but when I found things in a condition so much better than I had been led to believe, a revulsion took place, and it may be that my opinions have now oscillated too far in the opposite direction—of this the reader must judge for himself—but I can at least say upon this subject what, in a similar degree, no author has been able to say before me, that I write what I know and testify what I have seen. I had unusual facilities afforded me for knowing. I had permission to enter the whole of the prisons and penal institutions. I visited the gold mines at Kara and saw the place thoroughly, and in crossing Siberia I visited all the important prisons and penal colonies but two, namely, the silver mines of Nertchinsk Zavod, and the coal mines of Diu, in the island of Sakhalien. Concerning these places, however, I gained particulars, not only from officials but from released prisoners, and others who had witnessed what they related.

The following pages, however, do not profess to deal exhaustively with the subject of Siberian exiles, and the space at my command will not allow of much being said on Siberian prisons but I purpose to set before the reader some of the things that came recently under my own observation, and to support them with such statistics as may give a reliable idea of many features of Russian exile life.

## II.—NUMBER OF EXILES.

The number of ordinary exiles sent to Siberia for several years past has been from seventeen thousand to twenty thousand per annum, but this includes those wives and children who choose to accompany the prisoners. The exiles come from all parts of Russia in Europe, and include about three hundred a year from Finland. During the year of my visit to Siberia two hundred and twenty-two was the number sent from Poland.

Some idea may be formed of the education of the exiles from the fact that on the day I visited Tiumen (which is the first prison at which the exiles arrive in Siberia), out of 470 prisoners there were forty-two who could read and write well, thirty-two who could do so a little, and twelve who could sign their names. Again, in the district of Kansk, in East Siberia, in 1877, of 226 criminals only two were marked as "well educated;" whilst in the following year, of 182 prisoners none stood high enough, educationally, to be thus designated. The figures from Kansk are not quite to the point in speaking of European Russia, but they are useful as giving, with others, an indirect idea, not only



of the education, but also of the social rank of the Siberian criminals. Again, for statistical purposes, the Russians are sometimes marked off into five classes, thus:—nobles, merchants, ecclesiastics, citizens, and peasants; and in prison the higher grades receive better allowance, and are not mixed with the peasants, but have better rooms. In going through the principal Siberian prisons, I found the number of this class decidedly small; and my observation, taken with the educational state of the prisoners, would seem to confirm what one prison official said, that probably not more than three or four per cent. of the exiles are from the upper classes.

### III.—NATURE OF CRIMES.

As to the crimes of the exiles, a small percentage only, I believe, are political. A large proportion—four thousand out of eighteen thousand, or, say twenty per cent. of them—are charged with no one particular offence, except that they have rendered themselves obnoxious to the community among which they lived. If a man in Russia be idle and drunken, and will not pay his taxes, nor support his wife and family, but leaves these things to be done by his neighbours, his commune, which may consist of one or more villages, meet in their *mir*, or village parliament, vote the man a nuisance, and adjudge that he be sent at their expense to Siberia. This judgment is submitted to higher authorities, and, unless just cause be shown to the contrary, is confirmed. The man is then taken to Siberia, not to be imprisoned, but to get his living as a colonist. The perpetrators of political crimes, as those of the "Black Nihilists," are, when caught, usually sent to Siberia, and so it is with revolutionary offenders who make insurrection in Poland, the Caucasus, or elsewhere. Of old, religious dissenters were largely deported, but not always to Siberia. Many were exiled to the Trans-Caucasus, and last autumn I passed through some of their neat, clean, prosperous villages on my way to Mount Ararat. Since the proclamation, however, of what may, in a fashion, be called religious liberty, exile on this account is not continued, unless it be in the case of one or two, but more especially one sect, called the *Scoptsy*, whose practices no enlightened Government could tolerate. The fact is that the great mass of exiles are nothing more nor less than ordinary criminals, such as may be found in any of the prisons of Europe. There are upwards of thirty crimes, for the commission of one or more of which a man may be sent to Siberia; in fact, I have heard that all the crimes of the country are reducible to these thirty-three heads, namely, insubordination to authorities, stealing or losing official documents, escape or abetting the escape of prisoners, embezzlement of Government property, forgery while in Government employ, blasphemy, heresy and dissent, sacrilege, sheltering runaways, forging coin or paper-money, without passport, or passport with term not renewed, vagrancy, bad conduct and petty crimes, murder and suspicion of murder, attempted suicide, wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm, rape and seduction, insult, attacking with intent to wound, holding

property falsely, practices of the *Scoptsy*, arson, robbery and burglary, thieving and roguery, horse-stealing, dishonesty and false actions, debt, dishonouring the name of the emperor, assuming false names or titles, bestiality, usury and extortion, eluding military service, and smuggling and illicit distilling.

### IV.—PUNISHMENTS.

The sentences of the exiles vary widely, and fall upon them according as they are condemned to one or the other of two classes—namely, those who lose all their rights, and those who lose only some of their rights, which deprivations may be thus explained. Those who lose all their rights are not in an enviable position. These are some of the things they lose. If a man have a title or official rank, he is degraded. An exile's marriage rights are broken, so that his wife is free to marry another. Neither his word nor his bond is of any value. He cannot sign a legal document, nor serve any office, either municipal or imperial. He can hold no property, nor do anything legal in his own name. In prison he must wear convict's clothes and have his head half shaved; and in the case of a woman, she cannot marry after her release from prison until, by good conduct, she has placed herself in a certain category; and, whether man or woman, they may at any moment, if the authorities see fit, even after they have served their time in prison, be re-imprisoned. They may be thrashed with rods, and with the "plait," and even should they be murdered, probably little trouble would be taken to find the murderer. In fact, as the words imply, they lose all their rights, though I believe they can appeal to the law in case of being grossly wronged. I have said that an exile's marriage rights are broken. I was told, in passing through America, that it is the same there. Were it not so, it might be very hard upon a young wife whose husband, for instance, had committed murder, and who, for her husband's crime and banishment, should be compelled to remain single for the rest of her life. A Russian wife, with her children, however, may accompany the husband if they choose, in which case they go with the exile, and receive from the Government prison food and accommodation. If, on the other hand, a husband wishes to accompany a convict wife, he travels at his own cost. To the honour of the Russian women, it should be said that the proportion of men accompanied by their wives and families is one in every six. The proportion of women accompanied by their husbands is, I am told, not exactly known, though it is very much less. Those who suffer the *partial* loss of rights lose only some of their privileges, are settled in Siberia, and may get their living in any way that they are able, though possibly they may in some cases have first to serve for a period in prison.

Punishment goes the harder, as would be expected, with those who lose *all* their rights. They may, indeed, be simply colonists, but then it is under heavier conditions, being sent, for instance, to a very remote and thinly-populated district; though I never heard of an exile's family being placed in a lonely cottage, and every one

forbidden to come near, as Madame de Cottin, in her famous story, represents the parents of Elizabeth. More commonly they are condemned first to serve a certain time in confinement with or without labour. If they behave well, they are after a while, and in some cases, allowed to live outside the prison with their families, but still to do their allotted work until the period arrives for them to be located as colonists. Some of the women who are condemned to the far East have the good fortune to be taken as domestic servants by officers

Russia; also, that in each class about a seventh are persons under full age. Hence, of those who return as minors, their terms of banishment must evidently be only short.

Perhaps I ought here to answer an inquiry that may possibly be made as to whether the foregoing statistics are trustworthy. Let me sketch the circumstances under which I usually obtained them. I arrive at a town without giving notice of my coming, present to the chief authority my letter from St. Petersburg; the head of the police is sent



THE ETAPPE PRISON, NIKOLAEFSK.

and even favoured civilians, who, in a partially-civilised country where ordinary servants are not to be had, are allowed for this purpose to take the prisoners, though under inspection, of course. Lastly, some exiles, though, I believe, comparatively few, are condemned to prison, or to prison and labour, for life. Some idea may be formed of the proportion of the banished who are condemned to hard labour by observing that of 17,867 exiles passing eastwards through Tiumen Prison in 1878 (the year before my visit), 2,252, or one-seventh, were transported for hard labour, and the remainder for "residence for life or for certain terms in East and West Siberia." It may be further noticed as throwing some light on the numbers of those exiled for life, and those exiled temporarily, that in the same year which saw the above numbers going eastwards, there passed through the same prison 2,629 persons returning westwards "to their respective homes in Russia." As to their ages: there were 462 hard labour convicts and 3,488 of those going into "residence" who were *minors*—that is, under 21 years of age; and when it is further seen that of those returning to Russia 324 were minors also, then it would appear, from the figures before us, that of those banished about one-seventh are condemned to hard labour, and a like proportion return to

for, and we go at once to the prison. One of the first places, perhaps, we enter is the *chancellerie*, or office, containing an array of books and a company of clerks. I ask if I may be favoured with statistics concerning the prison. "Yes," replies the officer, "they shall be prepared whilst you are inspecting the prison;" and by the time we have walked through the paper is ready. Things were not always done so expeditiously, but it happened thus more than once. Now of course an objector might hint either that the prison books were false, or that what I received was not a true copy. But if the prison books were not true, how would they agree with those of other prisons along the line of march, and how would the money accounts agree in which so much is allowed per day by the Government for each person detained? If the prison books at Perm and Ekaterineburg, for instance, showed on a given date that a certain batch of prisoners consisted of 600 men, how could the books at Tiumen, which is the next station, show a greater or lesser number, except by accounting for the variation? Again, supposing it be hinted that though the prison books were true, yet that the copies given me were false. Then, I reply, I have before me three sets of statistics furnished from a very large prison in the rapid fashion already described. In these there are about fifty items, and

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thirty columns, with totals extending, some of them, to five figures, which have in various ways to tally. Now the mere writing of these sheets was not more than enough to account for the time allowed for their copying rapidly; and that the figures could have been thus quickly falsified, manipulated, and presented to a visitor, implies a belief in the mathematical powers of a Siberian clerk which I confess I do not possess. I can only say, therefore, that I have no reason to disbelieve the statistics which were furnished to me.

#### V.—DISTRIBUTION OF EXILES.

The localities to which the exiles are sent vary according to their crimes. Speaking generally, those deprived of partial rights are sent to Western, and those deprived of all their rights, to

for convicts from the upper classes of society. It should be observed, however, that the exiles, wherever they may be, are under police inspection, are furnished with papers which they have to show at intervals, and which tie them to a certain district, whence they can move only by permission. When at large, and in some cases when in prison, the exiles may have correspondence with friends through the post, but the letters must of course be read by the authorities.

The hardest part of the lot of those who lose all their rights seems to be that they cannot look forward to the hope of returning. Not that a release is *never* granted, for many of the exiles find the advantage of having friends at Court, who intercede in their favour, and I heard more than once whilst in Siberia of petitions having been



RUSSIAN PENAL COLONY, PORT DIU.

Eastern Siberia. On this point I have no official statistics, but a legal officer gave me the following particulars concerning the location of convicts. Murderers are sent to Kara. My finding 800 there would seem to confirm this, only that their presence was manifest also in, I think, all the other prisons. Political prisoners to Kara, to the Trans-Baikal district, and—as I heard from other sources—to the Yakutsk district. Also to this latter government are sent those who commit fresh crimes in Siberia, and, I believe, a good many *Scotsi*. Vagrants or vagabonds are sent as far east as possible, to the Sea Coast Government and the Island of Sakhalien. On the other hand, Western Siberia would seem to be reserved for minor offenders and

sent with the hope of a prisoner's release. The present emperor, when he came to the throne, began his reign by an act of mercy, and allowed certain exiles whom his father had banished to return. Again, I have heard of a Polish exile in good circumstances who was fortunate enough to win the love of an English young lady connected (by name, at all events) with one of the ducal families of Great Britain, through which it is said the ear was gained of a member, first of the English royal family, then of the imperial family of Russia, and finally of the emperor himself. I have heard parts of this story independently in various places—in Hampshire, in Devon, in Siberia, and on the coast of the Pacific—of



the heroic conduct of a Scotch professor, who gallantly escorted this young lady to her lover in Siberia, saw her married, and then, returning, gave no rest to friends or officials till he had obtained the Pole's release. The incidents of such a journey would doubtless suffice for a three-volumed novel, which, however, I will not begin, because though I know (and that by correspondence) only some of the parties, I have not had the recital from their own lips. I have met another case of a released exile, who was liberated under curious circumstances. When the Emperor Alexander visited Paris in the time of Napoleon III, the Tsar asked the emperor if there was anything he could do for him. Upon which the emperor replied, "You have a Frenchman who, in young and silly days, joined the Polish insurrection. He was made prisoner, and is now in Siberia. Will you do me the favour to release him?" The request was granted, a messenger dispatched, the happy prisoner drove back from the mines *troika* fashion between a couple of gendarmes, and received his pardon.

#### VI.—ESCAPED CONVICTS.

I have no authorised information as to the yearly number of those who are released by favour of the emperor, but am better posted concerning the number of those who appropriate pardon to themselves and run away, some from the prisons and others from the districts where they are living free. Nearly 700 get away yearly, and in 1876 as many as 952 escaped the control of the authorities. This would seem to intimate that flight is not difficult. The keeper of Bedford Gaol used to allow John Bunyan to go out on *parole*, and a few roubles slipped into the hands of a Cossack or petty officer will purchase, I heard, similar liberty in Russia. Again, from the gold mines, an escape is sometimes managed thus. The convicts work in gangs, and one lies in a ditch for the others to cover him with branches and rubbish. On leaving off work the numbers are called, and one is missing. Search proves fruitless, and after all have left the mine the man rises from his temporary grave and makes for the woods. The greater difficulty, however, is not to get away, but to keep away. The country is so vast that they cannot travel far before the approach of winter, and then, if they have escaped in company, they have the choice of returning to prison food, or of eating one another (one case of which I am under the impression I heard of at Nikolaefsk). They have, moreover, another difficulty with the natives. In the Trans-Baikal district the Buriats are said to hunt down escaped convicts like vermin, which is probably explained by what was told me of the Gilyaks on the Lower Amur, that they receive three roubles a head for every escaped convict they bring to the police, whether dead or alive. Hence too, I imagine, the saying of the natives, "If you shoot a squirrel you get only his skin, whereas if you shoot a *varnak* (the nickname they give to convicts) you get his skin and his clothing too." Thus it is very difficult for escaped prisoners to get out of the country.

There are several reasons, however, which con-

duce to their running away. A long-term prisoner, for instance, condemned to twenty years' labour, makes his escape from a penal colony, say, in the spring, wanders far away during the summer, and, on the approach of winter, allows himself to be caught. He is asked for his name, to which he replies that it is "*Ivan Nepomnoostchi*," that is, "John Know-nothing." Inquiry follows as to where he comes from. He replies that he entirely forgets. What has been his occupation? His memory fails him. He is asked for his papers. He says that he has none, and so on. He is one of a class that the authorities know quite well, and therefore he is tried as a vagabond—that is, a vagrant without a passport, and is sentenced, say, to five years' imprisonment, for which he inwardly thanks the Court, and goes off, it may be, to a new prison, having effected a saving of the sorrows of fifteen years. Should he not play his game successfully, however, and should he be detected, then his past service goes for nothing, and he is most likely flogged, and sent back to a harder berth than before.

Some run away also in a fit of drunkenness, and discover their mistake too late. Again, other reasons which may be supposed to conduce to flight are the fear of punishment for new faults, the desire to get back to social and family ties in Europe, or, in the case of those twice imprisoned, to ties which they have formed whilst colonising in Siberia. I am disposed to think that the severance of family and social ties is, with many, the really hard pinch of Siberian exile. A lady who had a convict woman for her nurse told me that she gave her her own clothes, paid her one pound a month, provided her a home in the best house in the province, to say nothing of sundry perquisites, and yet she sometimes found her, when alone, in tears, and, on asking what was the matter, received the reply, "Oh! if I only knew something of my friends in Russia!" She had not learned to write; her friends were in the same position, and the difficulty of procuring an amanuensis, together with uncertainty as to address, made communication almost impossible, and so she said she could not tell whether her friends were dead or alive or what.

#### VII.—TRANSPORT OF EXILES.

Nothing has yet been said of the transport of the exiles. In olden times they had to walk all the way, and the journey, with stoppages, occupied a long time. One woman told me that, many years ago, she was eight months going from St. Petersburg to Tobolsk. In this matter, however, as in many others, the lot of the banished has been mitigated during the reign of the present emperor, especially since 1871. The introduction of railways and river steamboats has greatly facilitated this. Accordingly, those in Russia who are condemned to Siberia are now first gathered to a central prison in Moscow, which city they may be seen entering in droves, and receiving the alms of the kindly disposed as they walk along. M. Andreoli, in the story of his exile, remarks that the Moscow merchants have established a considerable fund for dividing among prisoners on their way to



Siberia, and that when a party arrives, the director of the fund is at once informed as to their number. He then divides equally among them the means at his disposal, which is never less than fourteen or sixteen, and is sometimes as much as thirty or thirty-two shillings to each person. Men, women, and children share alike, so that a man with a family receives considerable help. Both M. Andreoli and Baron Rosen also speak of the kindness of Siberian peasants to exiles on their journey. Being gathered then at Moscow, the prisoners are sent off in companies of about 700 each by rail to Nijni Novgorod. This commences in spring, as soon as the river navigation opens, which is about the beginning of May, and two or three parties go off each week. On reaching Nijni Novgorod they are placed in a large barge made for the purpose, which accommodates from six to eight hundred, and are tugged by steamer to Perm. Thence they are taken twice a week by rail over the Urals to Ekaterineburg. Their walking, however, does not yet begin, for the 200 miles remaining to Tiumen is got over by conveyances, each of which, drawn by three horses, carries about six prisoners, and thus they arrive at the first prison in Siberia proper.

Now begins their distribution. Those who are condemned to be colonists in Western Siberia are assigned to particular towns or villages, whither they are sent, by water if possible, or, if not, on foot. Those, however, who are condemned to Eastern Siberia are placed in another barge and taken on the Jura, Tobol, Irtish, Obi, and Tom, to Tomsk. I had an opportunity of seeing one of these barges, for at a stopping-place on the Obi, where I was trying to make a rough sketch, from which the artist has produced the engraving which introduces this paper, the officer came up and invited me to inspect his unique craft. I found it to be a floating hull 245 feet long, with 30 feet beam, and 11 feet from the keel to the deck. Below it was fitted with platforms for sleeping, whilst above, at either end, it was fitted with deck-houses 8 feet high, containing a small hospital, an apothecary's shop, and apartments for the officials. The space

on deck between the apartments was roofed over, and the sides closed by bars and wires, so as to serve for a place of exercise. The convicts on the barge were much more noisy than the passengers on our steamer by which the barge was pulled along, and I had been told at Tiumen that, although of the 800 prisoners on board probably 250 would be murderers, nevertheless twenty soldiers would suffice to control them. They had a considerable amount of freedom, though they could not, of course, go indiscriminately to whatever part of the vessel they pleased.

At Tomsk begins the march of the exiles eastwards. When not hindered by accidental causes, they usually rest one day and walk two, marching on an average from twenty to thirty miles a day. Temporary prisons, called *étappes*, to receive them for the night, are built along the road (of which the accompanying engraving of the *étappe* prison at Nikolaefsk is a good specimen), and in the towns are larger prisons, called *perisylnie*, in which they may rest, if necessary, a longer time, and where there are hospitals, medical attendants, and other necessities. Thus they go on day after day, week after week, month after month, to their destined places or prisons—to Irkutsk, to Yatutsk, to Chita, or if perchance they are destined to Sakhalien they go to Stretinsk on the Shilka, thence by steamer on the River Amur to Nikolaefsk, and so by ship to the island.

The Russian Government, however, recently adopted a new and better plan with prisoners intended for Sakhalien, and instead of sending them across Asia, shipped them from Odessa, *via* the Suez Canal, to the Pacific direct. A large merchant steamer, the Nijni Novgorod, was employed for the purpose, sailing under the Government flag, which made an excellent passage in about two months.

Thus far, however, I have described the transport of criminals only. There is another category of prisoners, for political or revolutionary offenders, Nihilists, etc., who are not sent with the common herd, but are individually placed between two gendarmes, and sent off to travel alone direct to



CONVICT CHAINS.

their destination. I am of opinion, however, founded upon what I judge to be trustworthy data, that the popular notion in England as to their number is greatly exaggerated. These persons, while travelling, are never allowed under any pretence to be out of sight of their keepers, who are charged to allow no one to speak to them. This, however, is often evaded, even in Russia in Europe, and farther east things become more lax.

The same may be said with regard to the irons some of the prisoners wear, which usually weigh from five to nine pounds. I was told that the new chains weigh only five pounds. Those for the wrists (which I saw in use only once throughout Siberia) weigh about two pounds. The fetters are carried thus. Next the skin is worn a coarse woollen stocking, and over that a piece of thick linen cloth; then come the trousers, over which is bound on the shin a pad of leather, round which on each leg a ring is riveted. To these rings is attached a chain of about three feet in length, which for convenience in walking is usually suspended in the middle by a string from the waist. If report, however, be true, there is a good deal of deception even about Siberian fetters; for M. Andreoli records that whilst on the march, a present of four roubles to the soldier in charge procured them freedom from their chains, on the understanding that they were to be put on when approaching the towns. To an ordinary observer the fetters look riveted on so as to make it impossible to get them off. The largeness of the rings, however, to allow of their fitting over the stocking, the bandage, the trousers, and then the leather gaiter, render it probable that on the removal of these bandages it may be possible to slip out the naked foot. This much at least prisoners have told me; and I heard from a source not to be doubted, that a certain governor of a province, on visiting one of his prisons, was moved with compassion, and ordered that the chains should be struck off the prisoners, whereupon they wriggled and kicked them off with such alacrity as to leave no doubt on his mind that they had been donned to receive his excellency's visit.

As to the exile's work, I saw a book in a large central prison in which it was ranged under the following heads:—1, the mines; 2, hard labour; 3, work of the fabric; 4, no work; and under this last category it seemed to me the greater part

of the prisoners, west of the mines, were treated. In the silver mines, one who had worked there corroborated what I had heard elsewhere, that they work about twelve or thirteen hours a day, and that I suppose all the year round. The gold mines are frozen during the long winter, and then the prisoners are all but unemployed. All through Siberia I found the prisoners for the most part with nothing to do, and of which some of them were so tired that they begged for occupation; but the authorities told me that they had not work to give them. Besides which, to make matters worse, the prisoners had usually nothing to read.

I had found this absence of books a normal state of things on the occasion of previous holiday visits to many of the prisons in Russia, and it was largely with a view to benefiting the prisoners by giving them books that my journey to Siberia was undertaken. Knowing that the exiles were distributed from Tiumen, I left there, in charge of the authorities, several thousands of New Testaments, gospels, and tracts, to be distributed to those who could read. Before leaving by boat, a religious service for the prisoners was held, after which the priest and others throughout the summer distributed the books to batch after batch, until the whole of the eighteen or twenty thousand had passed. And thus many a colonist exile carried with him to the most distant villages and hamlets a light which—God grant it!—may shine in a dark place. Besides this, large quantities of Scriptures and tracts, in the various languages required by the exiles, were left with the governors of the provinces, for distribution in their prisons, hospitals, schools, and public institutions. From some of these governors, from Tobolsk, Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, I am still waiting to hear; but from others I have had detailed accounts of how the distribution has been made. The silver mines of Nertchinsk and the gold mines of Kara are plentifully supplied, and so with the coal mine at Diu, and the various prisons etc., in the Trans-Baikal, the Sea-coast, and some other governments. In some cases the schools, the Cossacks, and the soldiers were supplied, as also were some of the ships of the Siberian navy. It seemed almost mockery to ask the exiles on the barge if they would *buy* the Scriptures; but I tried the experiment in order to test their sincerity, and found that no less than forty-four found money to purchase.

### Spring.



OW hope doth wait on wintry days,  
She bids the mavis sing;  
And in the sun's reviving rays  
We feel the breath of spring.

Unloosened from its icy chain  
The dancing streamlet flows;  
And foremost in the snowdrop's train  
The meek-eyed daisy blows.

Sweet vernal hours, where sorrow lives  
Your tender message bring;  
The purest joy that nature gives  
Comes with the dawn of spring.

S. E. G.



WOODLAND CLEANERS.

## SUSSEX FOLK AND SUSSEX WAYS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COKER EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

### III.



HE humour of the following colloquy, which I once overheard in our village, strikes me as real. "You be afeerd of hard work, you be," said one of the disputants. "No, I baint," said the other, "I'd lie down and go to sleep alongside of it any day. I baint afeerd of it."

A somewhat more elaborate specimen of the quality of humour which I am claiming as a counteracting set-off against the dulness of our country life, took, some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, the form of a practical joke. An old man, Phil Ladds by name, who had a great reputation as a quack doctor, used to travel week by week through these parts. One day a servant-girl came to see him, and said, "I'm troubled with two bad complaints, Mus. Ladds, and I want you to cure 'em. I've got a lyin' tongue and a bad memory, and I jus' should be glad if you could get rid an' 'em for me." "Ah, well," said the doctor, "I haven't got the right stuff with me for those complaints to-day, but you come again when I'm round this way next week, and I'll set you all right." In the meanwhile the doctor made up a couple of pills of asafetida, or some such nauseous compound, and when the girl in due course presented herself again, he gave them to her, telling her to take one there and then, in the shop, and to chew it well, or else it would not do her the least atom of good. As soon as the girl began to chew she began to spit and splutter, and cried out, "Oh, Mus. Ladds, this is just beastly stuff you've given me, I can't swallow it nohow in de wurrel." "Ah, there," said the doctor, "you've spoke the truth, that's certain, so I've cured your lying tongue, and I'm sure you won't forget that pill, so I've cured your bad memory. I shan't charge you nothing, good morning."

Another harmless practical joke, not without its ludicrous side, was perpetrated, in the ruder days of our "Common," upon an old man, a neighbour, who was noted for his powers of talking. A

carter, after racking up his horses one night, had gone out with another man, as the moon was shining, to cut some litter, and while doing so they caught sight of their friend coming towards them. The idea suddenly struck them that they would try and see for once how long the old man would talk if he got a fair chance; so they drew him into conversation, sat down upon some of the heaps of litter, and there sat talking till it was time for them to think of going home and seeing about breakfast. The nearest approach to this feat that I have heard of was made by two of our farmers, who are long since dead, but who, within the memory of many, were living about a mile from each other, and who kept walking backwards and forwards along the lane between their respective houses, seeing each other home, and talking, from nine in the evening till three the next morning, when they separated.

A practical joke played upon a police constable whom I once knew in another part of the country, I may also quote as typical of rural humour. The young man, a fine upstanding fellow, was satisfactory except on the score of intelligence. The authorities, feeling that this drawback somewhat disqualified him for the service, wished him to resign, but could find no sufficiently distinct cause for obliging him to do so. After a time, however, they applied a test which they considered would be sufficient, if it succeeded, to justify them in requesting him to retire. The superintendent addressing him one day said, "Smith, a sawpit has been stolen at Goose Green, I wish you to go over and try and find out who has got it." The constable's ready obedience to the order, and his walk of some miles to carry out his investigation, settled the question of his continuance in the force. For anything I know this may have been a standard joke in the service; still the imagination which invented the test could not have been of the melancholy character which is, I imagine, often attributed to our rustic intellect.

A repartee, which never loses its reward of applause, is recorded as having been made to old Master Barnard, a shoemaker who formerly lived in our street. A sturdy vagrant was begging at his door one Christmas time, and Master Barnard thinking that the man was able-bodied enough to work, said, rather indignantly, "No, I've got nothing to give you; a strong able-bodied man like you ought to get a trade and work at it, as I'm forced to do." "I do work at my trade when I can get work," said the man, "but there's nothing



much doing in my trade just now." "Your trade!" said old Barnard, "I wonder what sort of a trade yours is." "I'm a haymaker by trade," said the man, "and my trade's very slack this Christmas time."

Our native domestics have at times done their share in unconsciously amusing us. A clever young cook whom I once knew in this part of the county, used frequently to mention among the advantages she had had, the special one of being for a time kitchen-maid under a religious cook. I chanced one day to inquire the point of view from which this fact was regarded as so beneficial, and the answer I found was this, that the cook being religious had a class in the Sunday-school, and that in consequence all the Sunday cooking fell to the lot of the kitchen-maid, whose experience was thereby greatly enlarged. In former years I knew well a Sussex curate of an uncomplaining turn of mind, whose landlady one morning apologised to him for the charcoal-like condition of his toast, on the ground that the servant had "cooked it too rash," that is, had toasted it in such a hurry that she had burnt it to a cinder. The mistress had said to the girl, "Surely you are never going to take that into the gentleman; why, a dog wouldn't eat it," or words to that effect. "Oh, I lay he will," was the reply, and in the toast had come. Greater consideration, however, for an employer was, I confess, shown by a young East Sussex cook, who, when on entering upon her new situation she saw the state in which the saucepans had been left by her predecessor, said, most feelingly, "I grieved over them as if they had been my own mother's!"

The doctrine that the present is a restless age, and that the members of a household feel that they need frequent change, is one which, in my own experience at least, is, I am thankful to say, by no means borne out by facts. Still we have some restless maidens, no doubt, as a lady who formerly lived in the parish, and who happened to be in want of a parlour-maid, could testify. She told me that, among other applicants for the place, was an uncultivated damsel who did not look much more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. She added, "I naturally remarked, 'You are rather young for such a situation, are you not?' 'Oh,' said the girl, 'I am ever so much older than I look.' 'But,' I inquired, 'have you ever had a situation before?' 'Oh, yes, lots!' was the prompt reply." The girl was not accepted. Much of the changing of situations, however, among our younger girls is not to be wondered at. They go for their first place to the seaside lodging-houses, where the work is too much for them and they are obliged to leave.

As regards service in our farmhouses, it seems to be generally admitted that the work required in modern times is nothing when compared with that expected from the servants of former days. The following description of a Sussex farm-servant-girl's life fifty or sixty years ago I got from an old parishioner as her own experience, and I have every reason to believe it to be perfectly genuine, and to be a no very exaggerated instance of farmhouse service at the time of which she spoke. "Massy!" she said, "the girls nowadays don't

know naun about work! When I was sixteen years old I was had out, like a cow, to the market, and any farmer who wanted a servant come and choosed one. I went first as nurse-girl, and I got 1s. 3d. a week. Then I went to a farm in Wadhurst parish, and there I was to have 1s. 6d. a week—but then I'd more work to do. I'd churning twice a week, and cheesing twice a week, and brewing twice a week, beside washing and baking; and six cows to milk 'every' night and morning, and sometimes a dozen pigs to feed. There were four men lived in the house, and I'd all the bilin' to do—the cabbage and the peas and the pork for their dinners, besides all the beds to make; and sometimes I did make 'em in a fashion, that's sartin! One morning, I mind, I got up at four and worked till twelve at night, and then missus wanted me to pick a couple of ducks. 'No, mistus,' I says; 'I really can't, I be quite tired.' 'Tired!' says she; 'if I was a young woman like you I should be ashamed of myself!' Ah! it just was a treat to get an hour or two to oneself of a Sunday! I was twelve years servant at 1s. 6d. a week, and then I got married; and when my husband died I went to service again, and for all I'd bin a married 'ooman, I only got 1s. 6d.! After awhile I got 2s. a week, and then a man, who'd bin a soldier, wanted somebody as could work to kip house for him, and he gave me 2s. 6d. a week. Massy! the gals nowadays don't know naun about work!" One must rejoice that such a life as this is no longer the lot of our young women—even though the balance may have gone down too far on the other side.

It is hard to believe that the young life of this good woman and her contemporaries is separated by only one generation from that of a class of elder Sunday-school girls of somewhat similar social rank—viz., domestic servants to be—whom a relation of my own was entertaining two or three years ago at tea. At seven, or half-past seven, the hostess—it being her own dinner-hour—sent down a message to her guests, who had been enjoying themselves since an early hour in the afternoon, that they could now go home. To this message the reply was promptly returned, "Please, miss, when we're asked out to a party we don't go home till nine!" There would not be much use, I fear, in asking any one of those young women to wash and bake and brew and milk cows and feed pigs, and to do work in general from morning to night.

The following anecdote, vouchsafed to me by a district visitor in London as true of two young sempstresses within her own knowledge, has, I own, nothing to do with either Sussex or servant-girls, but it has to do with the class from which our servants come, and with the development of modern ideas in that class, and so I give it a place. The two girls invested their hard-earned savings of a twelvemonth in a day's drive in a brougham in the parks and elsewhere, a clause being especially inserted in the agreement with the livery-stable keeper that the footman should touch his hat and say, "My lady!"

An old man to whom I was speaking not long since would scarcely have been able in his young

days to have enjoyed himself on his year's savings in like manner, even if the idea had entered his mind, for he tells me that in 1815, being fifteen years old, he lived for twelve months as farm-servant in the house with a farmer about a mile from the village, at no wages, the parish finding him clothes, and that at the end of the year, when he left, his master gave him a shilling in token of complete satisfaction with his conduct! And yet from this beginning the old man has saved enough to maintain himself in his old age without being beholden to the parish. I only hope that the modern enlargement of our ideas will not displace the dogged perseverance and pertinacity of purpose which many of our old people have shown in their striving for independence. I have often thought that there was a shrewdness which foretold more than ordinary success in life in the preparation for the struggle which one of our ancients made in the early part of this century by investing the first guinea he ever saved in having the smallpox by inoculation. It was a singular turn for a young man's ideas to take, but the result justified the outlay—insomuch, at least, as that he escaped all further attacks of smallpox, and lived to a vigorous old age of eighty-two.

A remarkable instance of mental force, coupled with physical weakness, I met with in an old man, a contemporary and neighbour of our last-mentioned friend. At the age of eighty he was laid down and confined to his bed by a paralytic seizure, and at that age, and under those unpromising conditions, taught himself to read. That he knew his letters I think not improbable, but I forgot to make inquiry on this point. To be sure of the fact that he could read, I asked him one day to read me a few verses in the New Testament, and I well remember his saying, as he stopped to take a good look at some longer word than usual, such as "synagogue," "Three months ago, sir, I wasn't man enough to say that word—no, nor yet 'Jerusalem' nother!" The late Bishop Milman, Bishop of Calcutta, we are told, learnt Persian, Bengali, and Hindustani after he was fifty years old, and the latter well enough to be able to give fluently a lecture of an hour and a half to an audience of educated natives; but I am inclined to think that our old paralytic, bed-ridden limeburner, teaching himself to read "synagogue" and "Jerusalem" after he was eighty, is not altogether unworthy of mention in connection with even the bishop's marvellous power.

The mention of a bishop suggests one piece of grim humour connected with our parish, which, though not itself the produce of our own soil, comes down to us from antiquity. The son of one of the lords of the manor became Bishop of Lincoln, and Dr. Wordsworth, the present occupant of that see, in his charge delivered in the year 1873, records a visitation held by Bishop Burgwash in the year 1334. The bishop, though he was twice Lord Treasurer, and held other high offices, was apparently of little worth, for Fuller

the antiquary writes of him, that when we have allowed that he was of noble birth we have said all that is to be said in his commendation, he being otherwise neither good for church nor state, sovereign nor subjects, covetous, rebellious, ambitious, injurious. Among the bishop's many failings was an undue fondness for sport, and in order to gratify his taste more freely, he made during his episcopacy a park, by ejecting his poorer tenants from their holdings, and enclosing the land with palings. It is, however, reported that after his death his well-earned punishment came upon him; and we read that his ghost appeared to a certain person, who had been one of his esquires, in the garb of a keeper—a short green coat, with his bow, quiver, and bugle horn—and thus addressed him: "Thou knowest how I have offended God and injured the poor by enclosing this park. For this reason I am called upon to do penance as keeper thereof until such time as it is laid open again. Go therefore to my brethren the canons of Lincoln and beseech them in my name to restore to the poor people what I have so unrighteously taken from them." It is not said who was the author of the pious fraud, but his grim humour was successful. Brother William Bachelor was commissioned by the canons to attend to the matter; the palings were destroyed, the ditches filled up, and the poor tenants we trust came to their land again.

A long interval was apparently necessary to produce any further effort of humour worthy of being treasured in history in connection with our parish. Some time, however, before the year 1662, one Thomas Goldham was our vicar, and in Palmer's "Nonconformist Memorial" we have the following story told of him. Soon after his entrance on the ministry he was disturbed by a Quaker, who, entering his church, and walking towards the pulpit as a ghost, said to him, "I am sent with a message from God to thee." Mr. Goldham then asked him, "Dost thou know my name?" "Nay," said the Quaker, "I know it not." Mr. Goldham replied, "If God had sent thee to me He could have told thee my name," and endeavoured to convince him that if he did not know his name he might be mistaken as to the person he was sent to. At this the man was confounded, and the people were satisfied without any dispute. Some years ago there was a question when or where this Mr. Goldham was buried, and my inquiries were set at rest by a curious piece of evidence. An old man told me that he knew it was in 1691; and when I asked how he was able to be so certain, he told me that when he was a boy he used to play in the churchyard where the tombstone of a Mr. Thomas Goldham was broken and lying about, and he remembered the date because it was the same whether it was the right way up or upside down. I at once went to the register and found directly among the burials the entry of Thomas Goldham, December 31, 1691. 1881 being passed, we must wait till 1961 for a similar proof of a date.



## THE HEAD-GEAR OF MANY LANDS.

I.



T HAS been said that the most civilised nations in the world adopt the ugliest head-covering. The illustrations which accompany this paper may assist the untravelled reader to form some judgment on this point. The days of steam and telegraphs and the electric light are yet those of what a French writer calls that "vulgar cylinder"—a high hat. It is true that there has been some change in this direction, and more or less sensible head-gear of felt or cloth has been widely adopted. Yet the fact remains, that in London, Paris, New York, and most of the great capitals, a man is not to-day considered to be "dressed" unless his head is surmounted by a stiff "black prison," in the shape of a tall hat, which he must wear in all variations of climate; in weather which alternately bakes, boils, and freezes him. The shafts of ridicule glance off from its polished surface like water from a duck's back. You may laugh at it as a "chimney-pot;" or, in America, as a "stove-pipe;" its obtuse respectability (not to speak of comfortable warmth and defensive rigidity) is proof against all vulgar clamour.

Glancing at the head-gear adopted by other peoples, it would be hard to show valid objection to some of their fashions. Our friend the priest of the Greek Church simply appears to have put his hat on wrong side up, otherwise it is no uglier than our conventional bell-top. The "funeral prior," one of the inferior clergy, who in Zealand announces, like a town-crier, the decease of any one in the neighbourhood, adopts a covering almost identical with that of the Spanish priests, and in itself not one whit more absurd than a "shovel hat," or many other forms of ecclesiastical head-gear. The great Algerine Arab Chief, who chooses to wear an umbrella on his head to protect him from the sun, instead of carrying it in his hand, is rather to be commended than ridiculed, while the coachman immediately below him wears a "busby," which gives him quite as much title to respect as do the wigs of our great legal lights. The turban, made of thin light material, and with ample room inside, worn by the good-looking Moor, and the turned-up hood of the Croatian soldier of the frontier, are both sensible coverings. Europeans who have adopted the turban have grown quite fond of it, while the hood, which resembles those of the *capotes* worn by the Canadian *voyageurs*, shelters our Croatian from sun and wind, and yet allows him plenty of air. The hat of the Zaptie, or Turkish gendarme, must be allowed to

pass as part of his uniform, while the coquettish cap surmounting the dressed hair and ribboned *queue* of the Spanish bull-fighter may be forgiven to that dandy, the petted idol of the populace. The tall head-dresses worn by the natives of Timor and of Siam are professional head-gear, one being a conjuror and the other a rope-dancer. The only head-covering which can fairly compare in ugliness to a British beaver (made of French silk), is perhaps that of the surly-looking Tartar of the Caucasus. But then *he* doesn't know any better.

No, in comparison with the foregoing types we have little indeed to boast; indeed, most of them would be found better adapted to the circumstances of the individual case, than can a hat which is supposed to be suitable for all occasions and climates. "What thousands," wrote the author of a sensible little *brochure*\* published some years ago, "you meet on warm days, hats in hand, wiping perspiring brows, or pressing burning ones, while even in cold weather you see them glad to take them off to have a moment's ease from the stiff and tightly-pressing circles into which angular as well as round-headed people are thrust. On windy days, too, you see grave citizens, noble lords, and learned and wealthy gentlemen, either running about after these tall chimney hats, or else, with uplifted hands, imploring and compelling them to retain their places."

"But the chiefest marvel," says the same writer, "in the matter of this contested hat-wearing that has often astonished and perplexed me, is the tenacity with which our legislators, noble as well as honourable, cling to their hats. They not only walk or ride in them to their august houses; they not only strut in them through lobbies and corridors, but the collective wisdom of the country delights to sit, Disraeli alone excepted,† throughout the livelong, though not always lively, nights of the session, with heads covered with these brain-oppressors. Often have I sat and marvelled why they condemned themselves to perpetual discomfort, while strangers, as the British people are facetiously called, even in the galleries of their own House, are permitted—nay, compelled—to sit with heads bare, cool and comfortable. How often have I heard the loud and authoritative cry of 'Take your hat off, sir!' much wondering why the downstairs people seemed to regard theirs as

\* "Heads and Hats."

† This is a mistake. The writer is informed, on the best authority, that of a reporter of the House, that Mr. Gladstone and two or three other members invariably sit bareheaded. All remove their hats when speaking.

fixtures. Truly I have sometimes meditated how far this legislative hat-wearing affects the calm, wise, and effective legislation of the country.

"But, leaving the question of our present hats hurting the head, and maybe injuring our intellectualities, what heaps of charges can be brought against them on the score of the positive nuisances they are as matters to carry about! Look at people in omnibuses and railway carriages. Open windows and through draughts often forbid the hats being taken off, that the tired or sleepy passengers may find repose against the back of the seats. But try to lean back with them on, and then see the havoc you make of nap and shape, or the amount of comfort you get from the stiff, unyielding character of the brim! Again, think of us poor mortals with these hats in our churches or places of amusement—what to do with them, where to dispose of these tender, shiny, stiff encumbrances! Think of us standing in crowds, with not an inch of room to spare, and with these precious beaver-boxes to take care of, besides our own much-besqueezed persons! Willingly would I have often clapped my hat anywhere—on my next-door neighbour's head, sat upon it, or even have given it or thrown it away, such a nuisance it has been."

Another writer speaks of the hat of to-day as apparently the only irrational part of the Englishman's dress.

And yet it was not always so, for in the middle ages and later the hats of velvet, fur, or felt were generally easy and convenient, while many of them were undeniably picturesque. The jaunty velvet cap of bluff King Hal's time must have been comfortable enough, while the handsome *débonnaire* head-coverings of the cavaliers were much more sensible than their enormous wigs, and, it is to be feared, a proportion of the brains they covered. Beaver hats seem to have been well known at the end of the sixteenth century, however, for an old author writes, "Of all felts that may be felt, give me your English beaver." As to felt, it is said to have been the material of which the Lacedæmonians constructed their hats. An old hatter informed Professor Charles Tomlinson that in his youth an annual festival was held on St. Clement's Day, that saint being the reputed inventor of felt, and that in Ireland and other Roman Catholic countries the hatters still hold a festival on that day. St. Clement is believed to have put carded wool in his sandals to protect the soles of his feet on a pilgrimage, much as a certain other pilgrim boiled his peas. At its close he discovered that the wool had felted itself into cloth.

Beaver hats were at first regarded as great curiosities, and fetched prices which, converted into the currency of these days, would appear very large. In 1585 Stubbs wrote, "And as the fashions be rare and strange, so is the stuffe whereof these hattes be made divers also; for some are of silk, some of velvet, some of taffatie, some of sarcenet, some of wooll, and which is more curious, some of a certaine kind of fine haire. These they call beaver hattes, of xx, xxx, or xl shillings price, fetched from beyonde the seas, from whence a greate sorte of other vanities doe come besides." In later and more degenerate

times musk-rat, hare, and rabbit skins sometimes did duty for the beaver; and in these days the use of silk plush, made in Spitalfields, at Coventry and Banbury, but principally imported from Lyons, is almost universal. Some years ago it was computed that a quarter of a million dozen were annually made in England, and the manufacture is, no doubt, still more extensive now.

This said tall hat being adopted by civilised countries is by their people taken to all parts of the world. The writer well remembers an old Indian on Vancouver Island, who possessed a battered "chimney-pot" hat, which to him was priceless. Had he not seen that the white men of Victoria always donned such hats on high-days, holidays, and Sundays? Old Kakalatza, for such was his name, wore it on all occasions, and sometimes under great difficulties. Usually his full costume was a red blanket and this pot hat. But when vigorously engaged in paddling and poling his canoe, he divested himself of the former, and might be seen, perspiring at every pore—a nude and aged Hercules in a tall hat—ducking his head every few minutes to avoid the overhanging branches of the river's bank. He possessed also a leather hat-box, and when camp was reached the treasured old hat was carefully deposited in it for the night, and both placed near his gun and blankets. Kakalatza and his hat were inseparable.

"John Chinaman" is familiar to us all from earliest childhood, if not in the actual flesh at least on tea-chests, caddies, china, and rice-paper fans, and his pigtail is always represented as an integral part of himself. To let the frontal hair grow in the land of the Celestials marks either mourning or deep poverty, and, in consequence, the head is shaved clean in front and behind, the crown being left untouched. As every Celestial's hair does not grow to the desired length—usually about a yard, but sometimes much longer—fine black silk, and, not unfrequently, real hair, is often woven in with it in such an artful manner that the addition can hardly be detected. A somewhat similar custom, it is said, obtains among English ladies. Can this be true?

"The common labourer often finds this ornamental plait inconvenient; yet, if at work, he can keep it out of the way by twisting it into a thick knot, or twining it about the head. Though at times an incumbrance, the poorest man is proud of this national badge, his *queue*. It is not unusual for a raw Briton on landing to draw some sport from 'John Chinaman's tail;' but very soon he is made to learn that he must not meddle too freely with a badge so sacred to his Chinese friends. 'Noli me tangere' is the order of the tail as well as of the thistle. Yet, vain as a native is of his appendage, he can turn it to purposes sometimes useful. A sailor at sea lashes his rough cap round his head with his tail. A crotchety pedagogue with no other rod of correction at hand, on the spur of the moment lays his tail over the head and shoulders of the stubborn scholar. And, for a bit of fun, a wag will play a trick on his companions by tying two or three tails together, and starting his comrades off in opposite directions."\*

\* Dr. W. C. Milne, "Life in China."





1. Bashinje Chief's Conical Chignon.
2. Indo-Chinese.
3. Bolivian Sword-dancer.
4. Chinese Hawker.
5. John Chinaman.
6. Native of Timor.
7. Horned Man of Londa.
8. Tattooed New Zealand Chief.

9. Arab Chief: Algeria.
10. Japanese Pilgrim.
11. Croatian Soldier of the Frontier.
12. Spanish "Torero" before the fight.
13. Moldavian Coachman.
14. Siamese Rope-dancer.
15. "Funeral Prior" in Zealand.

16. Turkish Gendarme.
17. Priest of the Greek Church.
18. Mandan: "The Four Bears."
19. Mandan Chief: "The Wolf."
20. Blackfoot Indian.
21. Central African King.
22. Tartar.
23. Moor of Algiers.

The pate of a newly shaved young Chinaman is said to present a funny appearance before the growth of the tail, with its circular plot of stiff, bristly, short hair.

The general belief that all Chinamen wear a tail is correct in the main, though there are exceptions. The complete shaving of the head, however, characterises the Buddhist priesthood, while the Taou sect allow their hair to grow long, as do the independent mountaineers of some parts of China. The fact is that long hair was the mode in China till about 220 years ago, when the conquering Mantchoo Tartars obliged the natives to change the fashions, and the lapse of two centuries has reconciled them to it. Any one nowadays ignoring the pigtail is looked upon as a rebel. The Taiping insurrectionary movement went by the name of the "rebellion of the long-haired rascals," inasmuch as it insisted on the re-adoption of a full natural growth. One of their proclamations stated, in effect, that the Chinese from the outset had their own natural style of wearing the hair; but these Mantchoos had compelled them to shave their heads and wear a long tail, so as greatly to resemble the commonest beasts!

From China to Japan is a natural transition. The Japanese pilgrim wears the enormous straw hat depicted in the illustration for the same reason that he lets his hair and beard grow; they are compulsory marks of his penance. This may be performed for a variety of reasons other than the committal of crime. It is common to do penance and make a pilgrimage at the death of blood-relatives, for having touched a corpse, or for having eaten the flesh of domestic animals.

Straw hats, of some variety or other, are usually worn in all warm countries, and in some that hardly come under that category. One type in our illustrations is common to India, China, and the Malayan Archipelago, while hats of very similar shape are to be met in many of the islands of the Pacific, as far north as Vancouver and Queen Charlotte's Islands. The straw hats *par excellence* are those which take their name from Panama, but which are nowadays principally made in Ecuador, and exported from Guayaquil to most parts of the Pacific, as well as to Europe and elsewhere. Hats of this kind, which are so flexible that they can be rolled up in the pocket, or sat upon and squashed to any extent, recovering their form afterwards, as if nothing had happened, immediately the pressure is removed, may be worth two or three pounds sterling in the country of manufacture. They may be seen marked as high as the equivalent of £15 to £20 in Paris. They, however, last a lifetime, and are the lightest, coolest, easiest head-coverings that can possibly be worn.\*

Just as the pigtail is inevitably associated with the Chinaman, so in the minds of most readers will the mention of the tattoo recall the New Zealander, the noblest native enemy England has ever

had to fight. The practice is, however, tolerably common in some other countries, while almost every Jack Tar of the old school had an anchor or a ship or some other device pricked into his arm, and sometimes on his breast. Tattooing in New Zealand was commenced as soon as an individual arrived at manhood. Angus tells us that in his time it was a tedious and painful operation, which had to be carried on at intervals. It consisted of driving a little chisel, made of bone, into the flesh in the required pattern, the operator dipping it at each stroke into a mixture of carbonised resin. After the inflammation subsided, the lines appeared regular and distinct, and of a dark-blue colour. The New Zealand women dye their lips blue and puncture them with a bone needle, then rubbing in charcoal. Mr. Anthony Trollope says that whereas formerly every New Zealander of mark pulled out his beard and was tattooed, now they wear beards, and the young men are not tattooed at all, just as they have very much given up matting for European clothes. Trollope states plainly that he thought the men who were tattooed better-looking than those who had dropped the custom.

The more unsophisticated the native, the more probability is there of meeting odd head-dresses and costumes. Western and Central Africa affords us three examples in the accompanying engraving. The first represents a Bashinje chief who gave Dr. Livingstone some trouble. He was a young man, with his woolly hair elaborately dressed; that behind was made up into a cone, about eight inches in diameter at the base, carefully swathed round with red and black thread. The young man of Londa has his hair dressed in stiff tresses—reminding one of the ancient Egyptians—and a part of it is woven on pieces of hide into the form of buffalo horns, or sometimes, as in the example given, into a single horn in front.

Dr. Barth notes that many heathen tribes consider clothing more necessary for men than for women, while Dr. Schweinfurth found a totally different opinion held by the Dinkas and the natives of the Upper Nile, so much so that when fully attired himself in European clothing he was called ironically the "Turkish lady," an expression about as complimentary as calling a man "an old woman" among ourselves. By the Dinkas any man who wore clothing was considered effeminate. Still many of the Africans who despise clothing wear elaborate head-dresses and ornaments. The traveller last mentioned gives us a graphic description of his interview with Munza, a genuine Central African king, who kept him long waiting while he was being anointed, painted, frizzled, and bedizened by his wives. Schweinfurth was obliged on this occasion to wear a pair of heavy Alpine boots, which were taken for an integral part of his body; the natives thought that his feet were like goats' hoofs. The hall in which he was received was at least a hundred feet long by fifty wide, the walls being constructed of tall pines, and the spars, rafters, and roofs composed of the leaf-stalks of the wine-palm. The floor was covered with a red clay plaster, as firm and smooth as asphalt, and there was a grand display of orna-

\* The straw-hat and bonnet manufacture in England employs, perhaps, 70,000 people, a considerable proportion of them women and children. Leghorn and Tuscan hats, once so largely imported, are superseded almost entirely by those of English manufacture, although the fine Tuscan straw is largely employed in their fabrication.

mental lances and spears, of pure copper, gleaming brightly in the glow of flaming torches. At last the monarch appeared.

"I could now," says the doctor, "feast my eyes upon the fantastic figure of the ruler. I was intensely interested in gazing at the strange weird-looking sovereign, of whom it was commonly reported that his daily food was human flesh. With arms and legs, neck and breast bedizened with copper rings, chains, and other strange devices, and with a kind of copper crescent at the top of his head, the potentate gleamed with a shimmer that was to our idea unworthy of royalty. . . . Agreeably to the national fashion, a plumed hat rested on the top of his chignon, and soared a foot and a half above his head; this hat was a narrow cylinder of closely-plaited reeds; it was ornamented with three layers of red parrots' feathers, and crowned with a plume of the same; there was no brim, but the copper crescent projected from the front like the vizor of a Norman helmet.\* The whole erection represented and stood in the place of a crown to this dusky monarch.

Among the Indians of America we find the most picturesque head-gear of our illustration. Take, for example, the Bolivian Sword-dancer. His head is surmounted with an aureole, a "glory," formed principally of the feathers of gay birds. These sword-dancers, at certain religious festivals of the Church—for they are nominally Roman Catholics—execute a solemn allegorical dance before the numerous crucifixes of the churches, under the command of a chief who waves a great silver cross. Their dance is accompanied by genuflections and gestures of reverence intended to signify the submission of the Indians and their conversion to Christianity. At length, bathed in perspiration, they fall before the crucifix, and reverently lay the swords they have been brandishing, with their *bizarre* crown of glory, at its base. The ceremony formerly had a greater meaning than it seems to convey to-day, and is rapidly falling into disuse. Many of the Indians living on the head-waters of the Amazon use on special occasions very remarkable head-gear.

The head-dresses of the North American Indians were depicted by the enthusiastic artist who nearly fifty years ago first set up his easel in the wigwams of the Far West. Catlin tells us in his great work† how after he had practised at the Bar for two or three years he deliberately sold his law library, and almost everything else, except his rifle and fishing tackle, and converting the proceeds into brushes and paint-pots, determined to follow art in Philadelphia. "I there," says he, "closely applied my hand to the labours of the art for several years; during which time my mind was continually reaching for some branch or enterprise of the art, on which to devote a whole lifetime of enthusiasm; when a delegation of some ten or fifteen noble and dignified-

looking Indians, from the wilds of the Far West, in all their classic beauty—with shield and helmet—with tunic and manteau—tinted and tasselled off, exactly for the painter's palette!" Catlin soon made up his mind; he would paint the red man in his native wilderness, and to this end he devoted eight years of travel.

Two of the Indians represented belong to the Mandan tribe of the Upper Missouri. The first, Mah-to-toh-pa ("The Four Bears") is described by Catlin as a magnificent man. "No tragedian," says he, "ever trod the stage, nor gladiator ever entered the Roman arena, with more grace and manly dignity than did Mah-to-toh-pa enter the wigwam, where I was in readiness to receive him. He took his attitude before me, and with the sternness of a Brutus and the stillness of a statue he stood until the darkness of night broke upon the solitary stillness." His head-dress consisted of a crest of war-eagles' quills, gracefully falling back from the forehead over the back part of the head, and extending quite down to his feet; set the whole way in a profusion of ermine, and surmounted on the top of the head with the horns of the buffalo, shaved thin and highly polished. The latter peculiarity may be observed in the portrait of the suddenly arrived in the city, arrayed and equipped Blackfoot Indian; the custom of wearing polished buffalo horns was reserved for the bravest of the brave. The head-dress of the second Mandan, which formed a kind of nimbus behind his head, was made of a great number of ravens' quills. Many of their shirts or coats were beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills, and pictures representing the battles they had fought and the victims they had slain, while they were trimmed with the skins and the tails of rare fur-animals. These noble red men are rapidly dying off and disappearing before the march of so-called civilisation; in their own language, "they are fast travelling to the shades of their fathers, towards the setting sun."\*

The most unsophisticated Indians still existing on the American continent are probably those of the interior of Alaska. The Tananas met on the great Yukon are described as gay with painted faces, large feathers in their long hair, itself covered with small fluffy feathers stuck on with red clay. When they are *en grande tenue* they look imposing. But when they are not in full dress—when the feathers have tumbled out and left a mass of fluff and dirt in the hair, it has a very disagreeable appearance, as though they had some terrible head disease.

All the attempts at personal adornment recorded in the foregoing pages are, after all, but the yearnings of natural, simple souls after the beautiful and artistic. When civilisation has reached them in full force, may it bring them something better and higher than it very commonly does, and which may be summed up in two words representative of many other barbarisms of culture—bad whisky and pot-hats!

\* "The Heart of Africa."

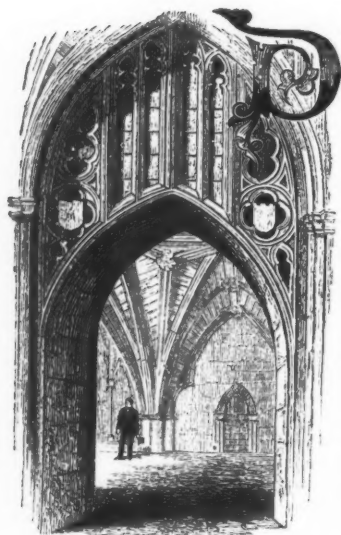
† "Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians."

\* So far as the Mandans are concerned, nearly the whole tribe fell victims to the ravages of smallpox and other diseases before Catlin had finished his travels.



## MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### III.—THE EXPULSION OF NAUGHTY MEMBERS.



URING the early ages of the history of the House of Commons, and indeed for many after it had come to be regarded as the great representative assembly of the nation, it was accustomed to assert its privileges in a manner that does not now always command our reverence or even our respect, and that, from the point of view to which by the growth of freedom we have attained, even makes many of its acts odious to our eyes. But we cannot too often remember the proverb, that a house when building is not like a house when built, and the first flutterings of young and almost unfledged liberty in its attempts to assert itself, present aspects very often grotesque and sometimes irritating to more healthful and matured ideas. Thus, in the memoirs of the House, the history of the expulsions from it presents one of the most interesting and even entertaining chapters. The House soon realised that it possessed, and ought to possess, the power to regulate its own assembly, and even to pronounce a collective opinion as to whether any particular member should be regarded as fit to continue in its midst. Some of the rules adopted by the House would seem well worthy of remembrance now. Thus, on the 23rd January, 1693, it was "resolved, to the end that all debates should be grave and orderly as becomes so great an assembly, and that all interruptions should be prevented, that no member of this House do presume to make any noise or disturbance while any member shall be orderly debating, or whilst any Bill, order, or other matter shall be in reading or opening; and, in case of such noise or disturbance, that Mr. Speaker do call upon the member by name making such disturbance, and that every such person shall thereby incur the displeasure and censure of the House."

Not to come too near to our own immediate day, but running our eye over some files of newspapers not very remote, we might almost imagine that our modern House is not so well behaved as its ancestors. Thus, the 28th of June, 1834, we read in the "Times," "Mr. Poulet Scrope rose amid general cries of 'Divide,' 'Adjourn,' which prevailed during the whole time the honourable member was speaking." So far, perhaps, we may not much object, but the report goes on to say, "The noise and uproar, in particular the imitation of the crowing of a cock! which prevailed, baffled all description." The next night, the 29th of June, the "Times" reports worse conduct: "Mr. O'Dwyer rose amidst the utmost confusion; he said that the proceedings of political unions had been stigmatised, but he protested that never in any political meeting had he seen so disgraceful an uproar as he had seen that night." He was interrupted by the imitation of cock-crowing! "It was monstrous," he said, "for honourable members to come down, and by their ignorant uproar disturb the deliberations of the House." The crowing of the cock repeated. In the same year we have the report of the House for the 17th of May. Sir Francis Burdett, the father of the present Baroness Burdett Coutts, attempted to speak, remarking that he was for free trade in corn and in everything else. The uproar appears to have been wild beyond measure. Shouts arose, "Question!" "Oh! Oh! Oh!" and "Go it, old Glory!" But all interruptions pale when contrasted with the hurricanes of interruption which we notice in a speech of Mr. Cobbett's for the 12th of February, 1834. We know of nothing like it excepting the futile attempts to put down Mr. Disraeli on the 7th of December, 1837. Considering the eminence to which the speaker afterwards attained, that speech may really be regarded as one of the curiosities of the House of Commons, and especially the last sentence, with which he resumed his seat amidst ironical cheers and roars of laughter, "Ay, sir, though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." A similar scene took place when Mr. Cobden first attempted to speak; but in this instance the House found itself in the presence of a man prepared not to postpone his hearing to futurity, but to throw over its restive limbs the lasso of his speech even then and there.

Before the period even of the resolution we quoted above, serious scenes had taken place when the House, jealous of its dignity, had laid its strong hand on some unruly member and delivered



him into the custody of the Serjeant. In some cases action was taken on the ground of religious opinions which were considered blasphemous. In the first year of Queen Mary, Dr. Nowell, Prebendary of Westminster, being returned member for Loo, in Cornwall, was, after a search into precedents, denied a seat in the House for that he was represented in Convocation, and therefore ought not to have a voice in the Commons. In other instances the dignity of the House was affronted. It was on a comparatively late occasion that Mr. Fuller, the member for Southampton, entering the House in a state of intoxication, pointed to the Speaker, and inquired, "Who's that owl in an ivy-bush?" Mr. Fuller found himself instantly in custody of the Serjeant, and the next day the "owl," Charles Abbott, administered to him a severe, merited, and dignified rebuke. We thread our way through a variety of instances in which the House has, with more or less of justice, and sometimes with no justice at all, exercised its right to expel a member. No doubt some instances were most exemplary, and every way deserving of such condemnation.

Among the stories of expulsion from the House of Commons, considerable prominence has been given to that of Sir Robert, or rather then, Mr. Robert Walpole, 17th January, 1711-12, because the terms of this expulsion were mainly relied upon for the repeated expulsions of the notorious Wilkes. Walpole was voted by the House to be guilty of a high breach of trust and notorious corruption, in receiving a sum of five hundred pounds and taking a note for five hundred more, on account of two contracts made by him when Secretary at War, pursuant to a power granted by the Lord Treasurer. For this he was committed first to the Tower, and, by a majority of one hundred and seventy over one hundred and eighteen, expelled the House; he was immediately re-elected for Lyme Regis, and again expelled, and it was this second expulsion which furnished the immediate precedent in the case against Wilkes. In this, as in many other items of Walpole's career, the charge of corruption is by no means so palpable as at first appears; he was expelled, but he had not been formally impeached or prosecuted; and, even with all the prejudices which may exist in the mind against this remarkable Minister, it must be admitted that especially in this particular instance he was the victim of those factions which raged so high in the Court where Walpole had made himself obnoxious, and which of course conveyed their vehement virulence to the House. The case still remains enveloped in suspicion, but certainly the conclusion, as Townsend says, that can be drawn in Walpole's favour is the Scotch verdict "not proven." He is a mythical character, Sir Robert, and we suppose the general impression concerning him is that he was the unblushing advocate and practitioner of unprecedented corruption. In this, if he was not before, he was certainly not behind his age.

The stories of corruption in high places are not less than shameful to read. It is acknowledged that Walpole's magnificent and princely expenditure at Houghton cannot be accounted for by any income

which he can have legitimately received, even taking into account the gains upon the South Sea Stock, which he fortunately sold just before the fall, and by which he acknowledged that he obtained a thousand per cent. He must not be incriminated in this preposterous bubble; he seems to have been almost the only man left in possession of his understanding on this occasion; he remonstrated against the delusion, and declared that when he perceived the nation bent upon the folly, he only thought that he might as well come in for some pickings with the rest. We may suppose, therefore, that his utter distrust of the scheme was the cause of the profit he certainly contrived to make out of it. He has been charged upon his own admissions with carrying on the government by systematic corruption, and although attempts have been made to explain away his celebrated epigram, that "all men have their price," his general tone of sarcasm upon all public virtue, all patriotism, and all political gratitude, is well known. "Patriots," he said, "are easily raised. I have myself made many a one; it is but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up springs a patriot." Thus, unfortunately, Sir Robert's later career and his general sentiments do not tend to relieve his character from the imputation beneath which he suffered, and which led to his expulsion. One thing may be remarked, that the punishment, which seems to us so exceptional and awful, scarcely appears to have produced any impression in that day, and assuredly did not prevent the exile from the House returning as its mightiest leader, and for long years after the great Minister and, may we not say, the saviour of his country?

A little circumstance happened in connection with his expulsion which ought to have given Walpole a better idea of human nature than he appears to have entertained. On his being ordered to withdraw while the House voted his committal to prison, one friend withdrew with him, and accompanied him to the gates of the Tower, Mr. Daniel Campbell, of Shawfield, a Scotch member. The whole transaction is honourable both to Sir Robert and his friend, for when he attained to power he never forgot Mr. Campbell, and would have gladly conferred honour and place upon him; but, on the other hand, it seems Mr. Campbell would never accept anything for himself, although he was sometimes able, in a modest manner, to serve, not unworthily, a friend, and it is said that a word from his old companion to the Tower carried a stronger recommendation than the greatest and most powerful of Walpole's supporters. An instance like this seems rather a pleasant reproof to the Minister's cynical verdict that "every man had his price."

When pleasant trips are taken on sweet summer days from Brighton to Bramber few of the visitors are aware of the important part which that famous little borough once played in the story of expulsions from the House of Commons. Small as the charming little village now is, it is probably much larger than it was nearly two hundred years since, so that we do not wonder to read that a certain Dr. Barebones, who only comes down to us in this history as a right famous cheat and

speculator, bought up the whole street of Bramber, and thus secured to himself the entire right and lordship of this snug little borough. A Mr. Asgill became the executor and successor of Barebones, how and in what way it is not necessary in this story to tell. Asgill appears to have been in every way worthy of his predecessor. He went to Ireland, where he seems to have lost a fortune and probably to have gained another, but especially to have gained an immense notoriety by publishing a book or treatise on "The Possibility of Avoiding Death." He had obtained a seat in the Irish House of Commons—the authorship of this unfortunate book was the cause of his expulsion. He returned to England, apparently heavily laden with debt, but instantly took his seat as a Member of the House of Commons for Bramber, about which, of course, he had no difficulty, and against which no exception was taken. But he was arrested at the suit of a creditor, and lodged in the Fleet. He pleaded his privileges as a Member of the House, and was liberated by the Serjeant with the Mace. But hereupon came up the question of the unfortunate book on "The Possibility of Avoiding Death," and this did for him a worse turn than all his debts and his deeds of most unquestioned rascality put together. Complaint was made of his book before the House, and for writing that book he was expelled. He appears to have made an able defence, three hours in length, but it did not avail to avert his doom. He was cast forth as an unprofitable branch, and somehow managed to escape from the tipstaves, who were lying in wait to arrest him at the doors. Henceforth the life of this unprincipled and shifty man was that of a literary vagabond of his time. He floundered about in London for nearly thirty years, spending the greater part of that time in various London prisons, following a questionable practice as a sharp solicitor, and writing those pamphlets, the vigorous English of which led Coleridge to join his name with that of Defoe, as representing the most masterly and nervous English of their time. We have not seen one of them, and our readers must therefore take this as the judgment of one so much more able to judge as Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

It conveys no pleasing impression to the mind to recall the story of the expulsion from the House of that genial writer and amiable man Sir Richard Steele. A Member of the House, he had published a new pamphlet called "The Crisis." It has been generally regarded as the least and lowest in merit of Steele's productions. Sir Walter Scott says that the "diction is neither forcible, elegant, nor precise;" and he goes on to insinuate that its author's necessities were probably the principal object of the publication. However that may be, there were passages in "The Crisis" which implied that the Hanover succession was in danger, under the government of her Majesty Queen Anne. The words which seemed peculiarly obnoxious appear innocent enough. Many of the sentences, however, contained a satiric sting. Thus the staunch sly Hanoverian writes: "Those noisy men, who embarrass the nation in every question with calling

out 'the Church,' are but like the weathercocks and clappers of the steeple. The sober and laborious and peaceable churchmen are its real support and pillars:" Again: "If people talk to me of hereditary right, and then follow it with professions for the House of Hanover, which can have no additional security from the urging of hereditary right, I shall no more believe them Hanoverians than I should think a man religious who should make a blasphemous discourse and close it with the rehearsal of the Creed. I shall not presume to enter into an examination of the articles of peace between us and France; but there can be no crime in affirming, if it be a truth, that the House of Bourbon is at this juncture become more formidable, and bids fairer for a universal monarchy, and to engross the whole trade of Europe, than it did before the war." Perhaps we can form no idea how such words as these, certainly not passing beyond the most legitimate licence of controversy, excepting upon the principle of the illegitimacy of all political discussion, should have created such a stir, but it was as if something far more dangerous than squibs and crackers had been let off in the Court and in the House.

Publisher and printer were speedily in the custody of the Black Rod. Steele avowed the authorship. Preceding numbers of the "Tatler" had shown Mr. Steele to be a hearty advocate for the Protestant succession, a jealous antagonist to the dangerous and Jacobinical Toryism of that day, and none the less obnoxious and annoying in that his antipathies were expressed with an air of gaiety and provoking humour. He was ordered to appear in his place in the House. With some difficulty, he procured the delay of a week for the preparation of his defence. It was actually moved that he should be commanded to withdraw without the permission to make any defence at all. This, however, was too gross and glaring an outrage to be permitted; yet the men who proposed it—Harley and Foley—professed to be Presbyterians, although siding for the time with the High Church party. To them Steele replied in a singular tone of banter. He knew the House was against him, and, he says, "he prepared his mind as well as he could to meet with his disgrace, and considered all that was to follow as a farce wherein heedless men were to indulge their curiosity, mirth, or cruelty, without any regard to justice or how far what they were doing would affect him and themselves." Perhaps some readers may be surprised to find this man, known chiefly as a charming humorist, a light and elegant essayist, and painter of social usages, and somewhat remarkable also for his attachment to the bottle and frequent pecuniary difficulties—Dick Steele, as he is still so familiarly called—to find this man suddenly dilating into the grave attitude of a hero and man of principle. On the day appointed he appeared at the bar of the House, between the two leaders of the Whig party, Stanhope and Walpole, and in reply to the first question, "whether the member accused owned the writings or not," at once avowed his authorship. "I now frankly and ingenuously own all those papers laid

to my charge to be parts of my writings. I writ them in behalf of the House of Hanover, and I own them with the same unreservedness with which I abjured the Pretender. I humbly submit myself to this honourable assembly, and depend upon your justice."

This is a strange story in the history of constitutional freedom, and perhaps Steele was almost as much surprised as we can be to find himself lifted into the region of the apostolate of English liberty. The illustrious victim of party spleen, as he has been well called, spoke for three hours. His friends and the leaders of the party appear to have been afraid to trust him with the preparation of his speech—they expected that the imprudent humorist would only acquit himself in such a fashion as to call down coals of fire upon his head, and Joseph Addison was requested to prepare the defence. Addison declined, and said he would not have Steele treated like a schoolboy; so, accepting very naturally suggestions from the wise and wary Walpole, Steele appears to have been in every way his own orator on the occasion, and it is said spoke with very much of the same artless sensibility which still enchants the reader of the "Tatler" and the "Guardian." His opening is characteristic. "Mr. Speaker, you will easily believe I have not been in a very sedate temper ever since I came into this House. When I composed those writings of which I am accused, I studied carefully to avoid committing any fault in them, and now on a sudden I am to rack my invention to find out guilt in them." He begs to be forgiven for his blundering and stammering, but he says, "You shall have the truth of my heart in this discomposure, which will, I hope, with generous men, do more for me than what I could have produced with more meditation."

There were passages in which he appears to have risen to real eloquence, and we ought to quote some of his closing words: "I do own that no private man ought to take a liberty, which is against the laws of the land. But, sir, I presume that the liberty I have taken is a legal liberty, and obnoxious to no penalty in any court of justice; if it had, I cannot believe that this extraordinary method would have been made use of to distress me upon that account. And why should I here suffer for having done that, which perhaps in a future trial would not be judged criminal by the laws of the land? Why should I see persons whose particular province it is to prosecute seditious writers in the courts of justice, employing their eloquence against me in this place? I think that I have not offended against any law in being; I think that I have taken no more liberty than what is consistent with the laws of the land: if I have, let me be tried by those laws. Is not the executive power sufficiently armed to inflict a proper punishment on all kinds of criminals? Why, then, should one part of the legislative power take this executive power into its own hands? But, sir, I throw myself upon the honour of this House, who are able, as well as obliged, to screen any commoner of England from the wrath of the most powerful man in it, and who will never sacrifice

a member of their own body to the resentment of any single Minister." And then, says Steele, "I made the best and most respectful obeisance I could to the Speaker, and with a very awkward and unwilling air I withdrew."

He went to the Temple, whence he wrote a line to his shrewish wife: "Dear Prue,—I have made my defence, and am ordered to withdraw." His friends sent Addison after him, perhaps partly to cheer him up, and partly to keep him out of the way until the issue should be known, and there can be no doubt that the genial pair of immortal essayists solaced themselves with a bottle.

Meantime, in the House the storm raged high. Robert Walpole said, "By the present mode of proceeding, Parliament, that used to be the scourge only of evil Ministers, is made by Ministers the scourge of the subject; Mr. Steele is only attacked because he is the advocate of the Protestant succession; the cause which he so ably defends gives the offence; through his sides the succession is to be wounded; his punishment will be a symptom that the succession is in danger, and the Ministry are now feeling the pulse of Parliament to see how far they will be able to proceed. From what fatuity does it arise that what is written in favour of the Protestant succession, and countenanced by the late Ministry, is deemed a libel on the present Administration?" If anything could have saved Steele from the wrath and malignant spite of the party, it was what may be called a really affecting incident.

After Walpole, Lord Finch rose—he was the son of the celebrated Tory leader, Nottingham, and was of that order of men who command esteem even from their very foes; he owned to some personal obligations to Steele, who had formerly successfully refuted a libel upon his sister, and he now rose to vindicate her defender. An ingenuous mind filled with gratitude, he stepped forward and attempted to speak. It was his first attempt in the House. Overpowered by his modesty, he faltered, failed, and sank down in visible confusion, but saying, as he did so, "It is strange I can't speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him." The words were heard, they were whispered from one member to another; it was one of those sudden flashes and touches of nature which melt and dissolve even the malignities of party; they operated like an electric shock. Perhaps also the high rank of the young man had something to do with the instant cries and calls of the House that he should proceed. "Hear him! hear him!" burst from all parts of the House, with gestures of encouragement. He rose again and delivered a speech fraught with natural eloquence. Every word told; he appeared to have forgotten all he intended to say, but the generous motive bore him on in the midst of acclamations for the magnanimity and clearness with which he expressed himself. Even when he vindicated Steele's reflections on the Peace of Utrecht, "we may," he said, "give it all the fine epithets we please, but epithets do not change the nature of things; we may here, if we please, call it honourable; but I am sure it is accounted scandalous in Holland, Germany, Portugal, and over all Europe except France and Spain; we may call



it advantageous, but all the trading part of the nation find it otherwise, and if it be really advantageous it must be so to the Ministry that made it."

The friendship of this high-principled young nobleman confers honour on Steele. "Lord Finch thus commenced," says Earl Stanhope, "a public career which, though not illustrious, was long, useful, and honourable." He held his last Cabinet office above half a century from the time of this fair beginning, and that which Lord Waldegrave says of him on his death, "his whole conduct was so unexceptionable that faction itself was obliged to be silent," is a verdict which nobly unites the last chapter with the commencement of his career. However, they turned out Steele, declared his publication a scandalous libel, and voted that the author should be expelled the House

by 245 against 152. Somebody carried the news to Steele in the Temple, for after that best bow which he gave to the Speaker on his retirement he says, "The next news I heard was that I was expelled." And yet, for all that and all that, we find the political martyr and expelled member returning to Parliament again as Sir Richard Steele, and far more eminent and distinguished for the expulsion, which only disgraced the men who caused it. But how remarkable it is to find in conjunction such names as those of the majestic and high-souled Sir John Eliott, whose story we told in the preceding paper, and Sir Richard Steele, the light-principled and easy humorist, as the vindicators, and martyrs for their vindication, of the freedom of speech in the story of the English House of Commons.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

### BLIND MICE AND BLIND RATS.

**M**R. EDWARD WHYMPER, in his fascinating volume on the "Ascent of the Matterhorn," mentions a curious incident. In 1874 he went to photograph the summit of the mountain which he had been the first to ascend nine years before. In order to get the morning light, he passed the night in the Cabane or hut on the Zermatt side, the altitude of which is about 12,250 feet. "Whilst quietly reposing inside, I was startled to hear a rustling and crackling sound, and jumped up, expecting that the building was about to take itself off to lower quarters; and presently I perceived that the hut had a tenant to whom I certainly did not expect to be introduced. A little plump mouse came creeping over the floor, being apparently of opinion that there ought not to be any one there at that time. It wandered about, picking up stray fragments of food, occasionally crunching a bit of egg-shell, totally unaware of my presence, for I made out that the little animal was both blind and deaf. It would have been easy to capture it, but I would not do

so, and left it there to keep company with other solitary tourists."

How this little blind wanderer made its way to such a place, at such a height, is a mystery, as is the cause of its blindness.

It may have been from the snow-glare in its case; but the infirmity appears to be common in the species. We remember the refrain of the old nursery song, "Three blind mice." Why *blind* as an epithet, and not plump, or brown, or white, or any other sort of mice, if blindness is not often observed in them?

Blind rats are also often met with. The story of one of these being conducted by others to its feeding-place, by means of a straw held in its mouth, is well known.

Nor is this a solitary instance. One evening a gentleman was out walking in the meadows, when he met a company of rats all going in one direction. Now as he knew a great deal about rats, he soon guessed what they were doing—leaving their old home, and going to seek another somewhere else—and so he watched them. In





the middle of the crowd of rats he saw one poor old one that seemed quite blind, and walked very slowly, but that was no reason why he should be left behind. When he looked a little closer, he found that one of its friends was leading the poor old rat along by a piece of wood, which they held between them in their mouths, and his guide took care of him, as a child would of a father or mother if they were blind. This anecdote is given in a pleasant book for the young, "Little Animals described for Little People" (Seeleys). The feeling shown by this creature reminds us of the filial affection of "pious Æneas" carrying off old Anchises, his father, in the flight from Troy!

The following incident is narrated by a French writer on natural history, and has every appearance of being authentic. The circumstances were attested by an eye-witness, a German officer of scrupulous and judicious observation, who wrote to one of his friends concerning what had lately occurred before his eyes.

"I was this morning in bed," says he, "and was reading, when I was interrupted suddenly by a noise like that which rats make when they climb up the wainscot or party-wall. I watched very attentively, and I saw a rat make its appearance under the side of a hole. It looked about on every side, and then retired.

"Soon after, it appeared a second time, conducting by the ear a rat larger than himself, and which appeared to be an old one. Having left it at the side of the hole, another young rat joined the former one, and both together traversed my chamber, picking up small pieces of biscuit, which had fallen from the table at supper-time the previous evening. They then carried these crumbs to the old one at the side of the hole.

"This attention of the animals astonished me. I observed them with greater care, and I came to the conclusion that the old rat to which the other two rats brought something to eat was blind, because it did not find but by touch the biscuit which they held out to it. I no longer doubted that the two young ones were its children, and the assiduous providers for a blind parent. I admired in my mind the wisdom of nature, which has implanted in all animals an intuitive tenderness, and a gratitude, I might almost say a virtue, proportioned to their faculties.

"Whilst I was making these reflections, and feared that these little animals might be interrupted, our senior surgeon opened the door of my room. The two rats uttered a cry, as if they wanted to give warning of the danger to the blind one; and notwithstanding their fright they were unwilling to save themselves until the old one was in safety. They both returned into the hole after their parent, serving, so to say, as a rear-guard."

#### SAGACITY OF RATS.

The Rev. F. O. Morris sends the following note from a captain in the 60th Rifles, living in Devonshire, giving an instance of the clever sagacity for which rats are well known. "The other day a

son of mine, about eleven, came to me and said that through a chink in the floor he could see a rat rolling something that seemed like an egg. I got a saw and cut away the board, and found seven perfectly fresh eggs, not a crack in any except where I had unfortunately cracked a couple with my saw, and we could see that they were quite freshly broken. The nursery (the room in question) is upstairs, and as none of the hens ever lay within thirty or forty yards, and the eggs are collected every day, at what time they (the rats) went to work, or how they got them up the stairs, I cannot imagine. We had often missed by the evening the eggs we had seen in the morning, and thought that the hens had eaten them; they never took an addled nest-egg."

#### A DOG'S ENDURANCE.

A few summers ago a shepherd was employed at Benmore, Kilmun, in sheep-shearing. For this purpose the sheep are gathered out of the hills into enclosures surrounded by stone walls about four and a half feet high, out of which they are drawn as required. On one of these occasions his dog, my friend "Gyle," came to grief. Some one had carelessly left a very sharp scythe in such a position behind the wall that the dog in jumping over completely severed the muscle of the off hind leg, three-quarters of an inch above the hock. Being a very valuable dog, the shepherd took him to the nearest surgeon, who gave it as his opinion that he might recover if his leg was stitched together, and kindly offered to do it. Knowing that this would be very painful, two of the men went into the surgery to hold the dog during the operation, but "Gyle" needed no such assistance. Immediately on being told he laid himself down, and quietly closing his eyes never moved or uttered a sound. A fortnight afterwards the stitches broke away, and the shepherd sewed it up again without any assistance whatever.

Here is another anecdote of the same dog. A few Sundays ago the shepherd found one of the lambs ill. He came some distance to my house to procure medicine. After mixing and pouring it into a bottle in the presence of the dog, we started for the field, but long before we were near the field, or even apparently going to it, the dog started away, and taking the nearest cut to it through a wood, we saw him going straight to the lamb, and he laid down beside it, and waited our arrival.

D. W.

#### "KILLING A GOLDEN GOOSE."

There is an honourable rule in some fishing places to return to the sea berry-bearing or hen-lobsters, the associated lobster-catchers paying for the act of self-denial half-a-crown. If this were done everywhere the scarcity of lobsters would cease, the number of eggs being thirty or forty thousand. But the demand is so great that mother lobsters, as well as babies, are too often sold and devoured.

## PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

III.



FORAGE FOR THE CITY.

*February 28.*

WE ARE now on our return voyage down the Nile. Yesterday we visited Abydos, or Thinis, the cradle of the Egyptian monarchy, and which, being the reputed burial-place of Osiris himself, was to ancient Egypt what Jerusalem is to Christendom. Even in the time of Strabo this city had been reduced to the state of a small village. What a glimpse into the dim vista of antiquity this thought suggests! And yet, quite lately, a marvellous temple has been here uncovered, among the ruined heaps which mark the site of the place, with beautifully sculptured and coloured chapels of seven of the great Egyptian gods. Parts of them are as clean and bright as if they had been finished yesterday. On our way—I

rode there on a lame white camel, with a villainous pack-saddle—we passed through fields where lads were keeping watch with slings, which they used with great dexterity. I bought one of a boy. Probably it is much the same as that which David used. Soon, all well, we shall reach Cairo, after a voyage in which we have been filled with fresh impressions of the Egypt familiar to the Jews, and which, with its ever-present water, deeply fertile fields, sumptuous ritual, elaborate idolatry, and gorgeous cities brimming with life, was their immediate retrospect while journeying in the "great and terrible wilderness" which we hope to enter next week.

While, however, we are rapidly steaming down the river, I beguile a hot afternoon by a retrospective attempt to realise the relation of Egypt to

the tourists who visit it. I ask myself, "What is the charm which draws a yearly fleet of dahabeahs, chartered by Americans and Europeans, up the Nile?" And, without going out of my way to be cynical, I cannot help thinking that one factor in this influence is an ancient flavour of slavery which pervades the air, and enables a rich and imperative soul to realise or revive a sense of indolent masterhood without risking the vulgar charge of eccentricity, or being officiously taxed with having a hankering after the tyrannical. This sense of masterhood is provided by the contrast between Western civilisation and Egyptian servility.

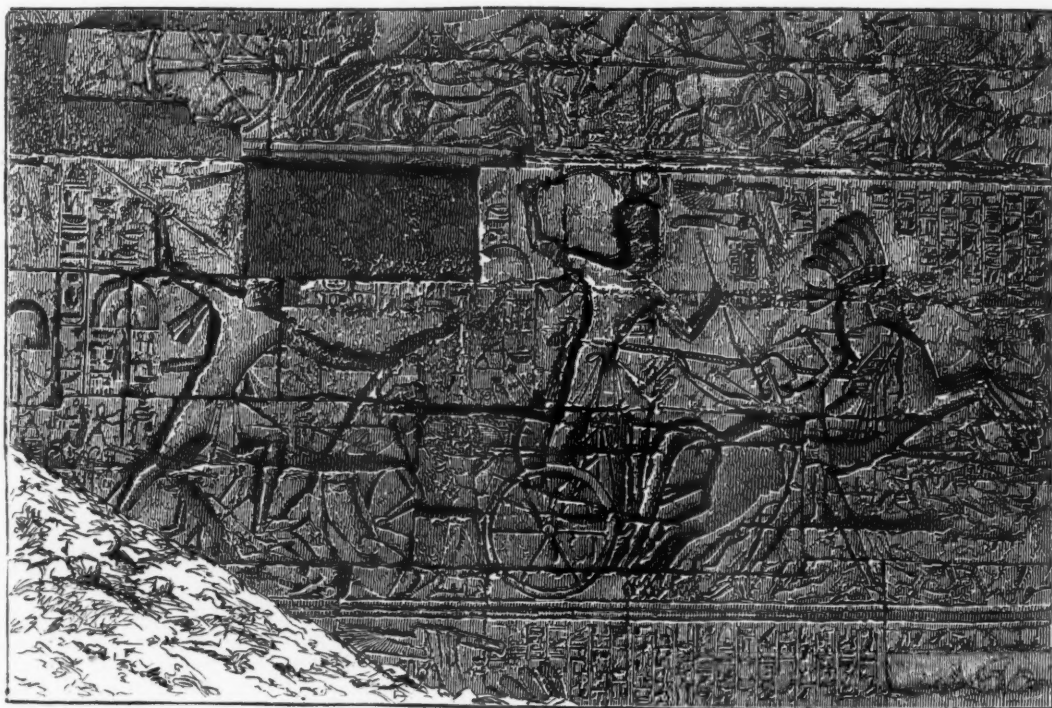
The golden vein of luxury which threads the Nile has its first obvious foil in the fringe of brown half-naked men who labour on its banks to raise the water for their fields. This is keenly striking to those who have just left Europe for the first time, and, especially as the river is bordered in many places by groves of palm-trees, suggests a sudden introduction to tropical scenery, and its accompanying sentiment of African bondage. But this is not all the testimony to its presence. There is more. A whiff of it floated so distinctly into my cabin one day, while our boat lay at Thebes, that I made a note of it in my journal, which now lies open before me. The afternoon was fiercely hot. Even the baksheesh-shrieking children, who cluster like flies at every landing-place, were silent. There was no native idler, munching sugar-cane, on the bank. All the dogs were asleep. The little rags of ensigns at the Consulates hung down

limp under a white and blazing sky. The Nile was melted copper, when I heard the plaintive rowing chorus of a boat's crew, which our dragoon had once translated to us. It is a sort of religious love ditty. On this occasion it came into my open window as I lay in my cabin that scorching day at Thebes. Looking out, I saw a young gentleman reclining under the awning of his boat, with a cigarette in his mouth. He was being rowed up stream by his straining chocolate-coloured crew. It is something to create both a breeze and this masterful sensation so near grumbling London. You may get into a railway carriage at Charing Cross, and in a week find yourself the lord of a dahabeah, on whose shaded sofa-cushioned upper deck you can lounge, looking down upon the double bank of swarthy oarsmen who drag at their weighty sweeps.

I do not mean to say that they mind it, or vex their souls about the contrast between the lot of the master and the man. Indeed, they are glad of the job, and are ever ready to show their magnificent teeth in a smile at a kindly word or the donation of a little tobacco.

But still, the contrast exists, and is so constantly and importunately present as, surely, sometimes to touch the mind of the sensitive traveller with uneasiness, or to gratify mischievously the consciousness of any one with slave-driving instincts.

Moreover, I may be wrong, but I fancy that the reiterated representation of colossal imperiousness on palace and temple walls, where calm-faced



PART OF TEMPLE WALL, KARNAK.



Rameses for three thousand years has held his shrieking captives by the hair, or, big as Gulliver among the Lilliputians, driven his chariot over heaps of slain, still sheds a savour of unfeeling masterhood in this land, so utterly, in its social and historical atmosphere, unlike that which its modern visitor has left. It is a land in which life is cheap, and inquiry about death sluggish. One day, not very long ago, a well-dined gentleman, desirous to greet a passing galley somewhere about Luxor with a salute from his revolver, shot a man dead upon the bank. What was done? we simply asked. "Oh! it was only an Arab," said our informant.

No doubt there is learned appreciation of Egyptian antiquities, and a genuine realisation of the marvellous history cut upon its ruins and crowding the walls of its tombs, in divers of those who come here. There is a tender perception of docile native contentment in those who are able to converse with the peasant and boatman, but the sheer pelican-shooting, stick-flourishing sentiment often seems to prevail. I lack, too, sufficiently respectful appreciation of that appetite for display which sets the hirers of some boats to offend the mellow afterglow of Egyptian evenings by hanging stinking coloured oil lamps in their rigging and spurning rockets from their decks. Indeed, the prevalent spirit of authoritativeness is not stately enough in divers of these travellers. It is too aggressive and importunate, and lacks the true scornful flavour of imperious repose.

Another class of tourists exhibits a different attitude, but one still curiously wide of the influence which Egypt might be expected to shed. They affect no sublime indolence, but show the liveliest and most bustling good humour; and the comments one hears perpetually suggest the questions, "What did these good people expect, and what did they come to Egypt for?" One says, "The Nile is not nearly so pretty as the Rhine." Pretty! this is about the last epithet applicable to the ancient and mysterious Nile. Though bordered by limestone ranges which sometimes draw near and present grand phases of contrast between palm groves, vast breadths of corn, and tomb-pierced rocks, the river is very often, for miles upon miles, a canal with high banks between perfectly flat fields. Another says, "I wonder where they get all these salads that we have?" as if our distance from Covent Garden made their presence a problem, or as if any place in the world, historically and horticulturally, could be more productive of succulent vegetables than the edge of the Nile. A third remarks, with an air of surprise, "Another fine day!" Why, there are nothing but fine days here.

The cream of enjoyment, however, to many of these good folks rises in moonlight excursions to ruins. These are inevitably made on donkeys. Now Karnak, under a full and silent Egyptian moon, is a solemn sight. But these worthy people get up a "party," and invade it full gallop with uproar, to which a gang of Arab boys contributes with hideous generosity. The result is a mixture of Osiris and Hampstead Heath, enough to make mummies turn in their graves.

I suspect that this phase of the tourist treatment of Egypt and its grey historical wonders will be intensified when the railroad has crept up by the Nile-side to the first cataract and perhaps farther. Then it will be possible to run from London to Philæ in ten days, and spend a slice of three weeks' Christmas holiday in the land of the Pharaohs.

As it is, the ordinary Egyptian touter, with his shouts, donkeys, and handfuls of spurious antiquities, does much to mar the calm of any visit to his land. He thinks he can be understood if he talks loud enough, and so bawls close to your ear in a voice that might be heard across the Nile. This Babel of importunity will be worse when trains deposit their sight-seers for a few hours at the most famous and sacred spots, till the whistle of the engine calls them back from a peep inside temples and tombs haunted by Osiris, Isis, and Typhon. I suppose it is all right. But to those who have visited Egypt in a reverent and quietly receptive spirit it will be another land, and become something like a diffused and magnified Egyptian department of the British Museum, with Arabian attendants.

Cairo, March 3, 1880.

We have paid our visit to the Pyramids of Gizeh. They are, and are not, what I expected. One has so long read accounts of this expedition, with occasionally somewhat exaggerated pictures of the "adventures" encountered by the way, that it is rather a disillusion to perceive how the business is done. There is a broad road from Cairo all the way to these famous monuments. If you want to see them close you tell the waiter at the hotel to call a cab, and when you get into it you simply say, "Pyramids." No doubt the driver is an Oriental, and the "cab" is an open "victoria," like one in Paris, but the procedure is very prosaic so far. The road, when you get out of New Cairo and cross the bridge over the Nile, is simply dirt, and full of great holes. It runs for a considerable distance through an avenue of trees, between wide breadths of sweet-smelling clover. We met hundreds of camels and donkeys carrying loads of this into the city for forage. Some of the latter beasts were so hideously lame as to show what, I fear, is the natural cruelty or indifference of the Egyptian. Indeed, the way in which even well-fed donkeys are treated here is ingeniously unfeeling. However gaily caparisoned, a "raw" is considered an inevitable part of the poor creature's equipment. It is neatly cut out on his loins. Some English having remonstrated at this, divers donkey-boys scoop the raw out under the broad breeching which each donkey wears, and then hit or prog the leather where they know the tender spot is concealed.

But, to return to the Pyramids, the scent or the blossoms on both sides of the road filled the air and made the drive delicious to us. At the end of the clover region the desert begins suddenly. The line between its stony glare and the soft green of the fields is as abrupt as that between the grass of a lawn and a gravel walk. The Pyramids themselves are in sheer desert, and directly you have



reached this you seem to enter conditions which enable you to realise them better. Indeed, though they looked larger than I had expected when viewed from the high ground by the citadel in Cairo, they appeared to shrink when seen from the clover-fields.

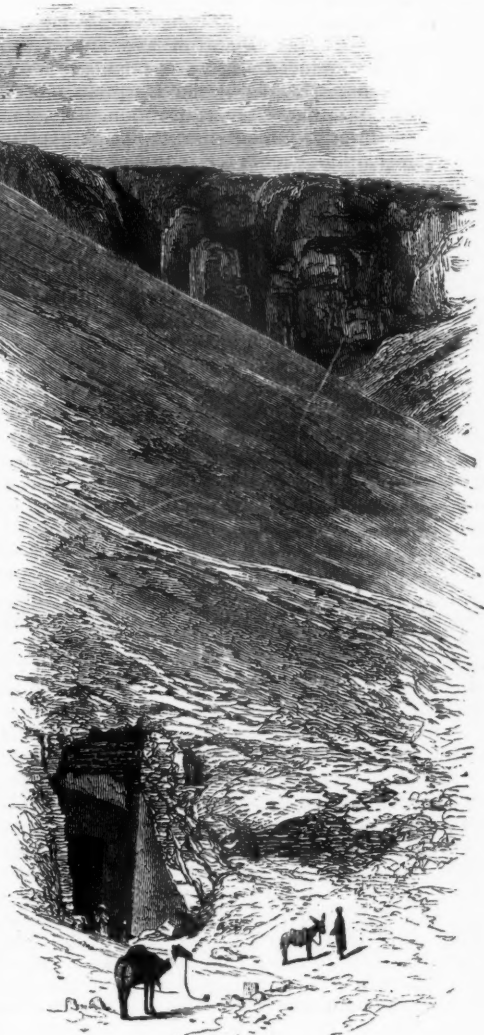
As, however, we emerged into the desert and approached the Pyramids still closer, they seemed to rise again. A final sweep of the road, between two stuccoed stone walls, leads the visitor to their very edge. Some indolent people are driven up this slope as near to the Pyramid platform as a cab goes to the entrance of a railway-station; but the soil had changed from dirt into sand so deep and loose that we left our vehicle a few hundred yards below, and walked the rest of the distance. We had heard much about the importunity of the Arab touters here, but we saw very few, and only two accompanied us, a little way off, as we wandered about the place. The Great Pyramid is a shell, or

seen here?" To me the Sphinx was fuller of mysterious meaning than the Pyramids, as the echoes of life still seemed to cling about it. While they are peeled and gutted cores of tombs, impotent to hold the mighty dead once put under their care, the Sphinx has held his own with a marvellous tenacity of reserve.

How strange it is that, although the Sphinx reappears throughout Egypt, Pyramids, including the groups bordering on the necropolis of which these form the most conspicuous northern or western monuments, should never have moved beyond this region. How strange, too, is the contrast in the form of royal sepulture, if this be such, which is presented by the importunate Pyramid, challenging the eye from afar, and the secret graves of the kings dug into the cliffs beyond the necropolis of Thebes. There the purpose seemed to be to hide the kingly corpse away; here to hold it up before the world. Was it a shifting of theo-

core, of one originally much larger. Indeed, it has been a quarry for the architects and masons of Cairo, who have built much of the city out of its stone skin and other relics around. Still its size grew upon us marvellously. The dull heat of the day was so great, and the haze so thick, that we, somewhat lazily, did not ascend it. The view would have been very imperfect, but the ascent itself is obviously easy enough, and we could distinctly trace the steps by which it is made. Round the base of the Great Pyramid are huge heaps of rubble. These are the crumbs of the meal which the Cairo builders left when they devoured its case of stones already squared for the houses and mosques they were erecting. A mark in the ground shows the old extent of the structure, and indicates the vast amount of material which these Egyptian Goths have carried off. What a mighty burial-place that of Memphis must have been! It stretches hence, miles and miles away towards Sakkarah, these great Pyramids of Gizeh having been built upon its edge. How much is still discoverable there it would be hard even to guess.

The Sphinx is grandly pathetic. Battered and worn, it still looks calmly out over the wreck of its old world. It is a mighty skull of a survivor among stone giants, but without any of the horrible grin which the bare bone of the human head ever presents. Indeed, there is a sentiment of antique humour about his ancient face, as if he did not miss the perception of the contrast between the priestly processions of old and the chattering train of yesterday tourists who gape at his blunt nose and great stone wig. "What do they know," he seems to be thinking, "of what *I* have known and



TOUR OF THE KINGS.

logical sentiment, or the dawning of a perception that publicity was not surely safe, which caused this contrast or revulsion of sepulchral treatments in the two great burial-places of Egypt?

After visiting the Pyramids we went to the Boulak Museum. It is small, but wonderfully interesting, some of the choicest bits of Egyptian sculpture, etc., being gathered here. There is, moreover, something intense in the perception that while Egypt appears as a distant land in those departments of European collections which represent it, here the statues are at home. The Boulak Museum is a condensed focus of the country, and though other museums of Egyptian antiquities reveal seemingly incalculable glimpses into the dimness of the past, here the view is carried still further back, past the familiar long-eyed square-shouldered sculptured profile, past the statue with its full, strong lip, its calm gaze, and hands reposing flat upon its knees, into a region of wholly dissimilar Egyptian art. This looks so modern as to make it difficult to realise that, say, the famous "Wooden Man" represents an age anterior to those which produced what are popularly considered the oldest works of the Egyptian chisel. The "Wooden Man" is, in conception, style, and execution, utterly unlike the typical Egyptian statue, and exhibits such a realisation of the human figure as even to suggest the hand of a European sculptor. One is almost aghast at this door being opened in the background of remote antiquity. When did Egypt begin? This statue intensifies the question, and leaves the answer in a bewildering hopelessness of conjecture, for it must represent no mere whim of an artist who chose to depart from the conventional style of his times, but the result of a long period of careful craft.

To pass to a later section of antiquity, we were much struck with two statues purporting to be those of Rameses II and his son Menephthah—the two later Pharaohs of the Bible—the former oppressing the Hebrews and the latter pursuing them. Rameses, the great conqueror, one of whose statues lies in colossal fragments at Thebes, here shows in mighty force, with great muscles in his arms and legs, and a terribly strong and scornful face. His son Menephthah, who succeeded him, appears as a delicate-featured, effeminate young man, with a weary air in his face which seems to indicate that he hardly knew how to make up his mind about Moses and Aaron, and, had not some pressure been put upon him, and an influence alien to his nature descended on his mind, would willingly have let the Hebrews go. He shows in the Scripture record a curiously vacillating temper, and, not looking beyond the day, departs from his word directly he is relieved from vexation. One studies the two faces, and fancies that "Rameses" would have made no concessions whatever, nor would have needed to have "his heart hardened." The end would surely have been reached much sooner with him than with his temporising son, who often feared Moses as much as he disliked him, and was again and again on the edge of granting his petition. He looks like a man who would wish to have been left with his palaces, courtiers, and wives, and who would have satisfied

himself with any promises provided he were not compelled to respect them.

*Suez, March 5, 1880.*

I am now sitting in the whitewashed, matting-floored bedroom of a very Anglo-Oriental hotel, where the clapping of hands for attendants—of course there are no bells—gives the impression of perpetual applause. A boatload of Indians has perched here on its way to the East, and another is waiting to flit West as soon as some little block in the canal is got over. The result is that the two streams have filled the house, and everybody wants everything at once. Certainly, some domestic processes do not take long to do. Just now there was a knocking at my door. Two black he-chambermaids in white robes have now glided in to "make" my bed, which they have done while I have been writing the last ten words. They have simply thrown the clothes back and walked out. The bed is made, and they are gone, with polite obeisance.

We are getting nearer to the Desert phase of our journey. The Red Sea makes a quiet lapping on the quay about five yards from our door. The stars look very big, and my eye rests for the first time upon the outline of hills in "Asia" across the gulf. A solid-looking boat is bobbing about in the clear water not far off, and will take us presently over to join our camels on the other side, when we shall mount them for a month. Achmed says that the Bedouin are making a great fuss about the luggage, which I believe they always do, but we have left him to settle with them. They will go round by the bridge over the canal. Any how they cannot be more remonstrative than camels. These have their wholly separate opinions as to the share of burden which comes to each, and, from my experience of them in Egypt, always criticise unfavourably the advent of a rider. Once on his back, the camel turns round and looks at you, first on one side, and then on the other. After this, in total disregard of any want of courtesy in the remark, he heaves another prodigious groan, and looks straight forward. But as he moves on he every now and then seems to be anxious that his two stomachs should be in tune, and occasionally they appear to join in a duet; and the result should be heard. Some beguile the time by demands upon every gurgling faculty they possess as they go along. Others, however, are silent enough on the journey, and keep their remarks for the loading hour.

We have had to-day the dustiest journey I ever took, except perhaps in part of the saline district of Central America, where the "Atlantic and Pacific" crosses the bitter plains, and the soda makes the finger nails brittle. The old overland route which travellers to India once took begins just outside Cairo, but when a railroad was attempted across the desert the want of water beat the engine, which is more thirsty than a camel. Now the line at first skirts fertile land, entering a barren part some time before you get to Ismailia. Then it runs for a time by the fresh-water cutting, made by Pharaohs—now in places much choked with rushes—

and the Suez Canal, threaded with ships. It is very curious to come on steamers with the desert all around. The scene at a station just out of Ismailia is such as cannot be found elsewhere. Bedouins, villages of mud, Egyptian girls offering drink from their water-pots, Indian travellers with wide pith hats like mushrooms, native porters, engines made at Manchester, with their names written on them in Arabic, a train painted white because of the heat, smart bustling officers of P. and O. boats, Orientals on donkeys, with a Babel of languages, all together make a scene to be remembered in the midst of a glaring waste of sand stretching on all sides out of sight. The heat in the train to-day was tremendous. A native Indian gentleman, who travelled in our compartment, said it was worse than Bombay in May. I do not wonder that the mosquitos were so abominably alive as we found them in Cairo. Of course

we shall find none of these in the desert, for they want water; but no doubt, by some principle of compensation, a sufficiency of dry vermin will be discovered there.

*Friday Morning, 5.30.*—There is the first church bell I have heard since I left Europe! No bells, or clocks that strike, are found in Egypt, and now that I think of it, I do not recall any public clock at all, however silent, except it may be in a railway-station. The natural changes in the day, and the voices of the Muezzin, summon to prayer. Perhaps, too, time is a matter of such small importance to Egyptians that such a punctual division of it as is made by clocks is resented or despised. Anyhow, here is a church bell, marking some early Christian service. A good omen, as we set off for Sinai to-day. The next bells we hear will be those of the convent of St. Katherine, under its cliffs.

## OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

GRECIAN.



**E**VEN a slight knowledge of ancient marriage ceremonies is sufficient to show that they were attended with far more superstitious rites and practices than those of modern times. Indeed, as was shown in our former paper, many of our marriage customs have been

transmitted to us from the Romans, and this is also equally true with regard to Greece. In some cases we inherit customs which, of Grecian origin, were afterwards practised by the Romans, from whom they have come down to us.

One reason, perhaps, why in primitive times marriage was invested with so much pomp and made the occasion of such a variety of superstitions, may be attributed to the fact that it was regarded as an essential event in man's life, and was therefore marked by every conceivable sign of respect. Some of the Grecian States went so far as to affix marks of disgrace and even to bestow severe penalties upon those who put off marriage beyond a limited time. According also to the

Athenian law it was enacted that all who were commanders, orators, or were entrusted with any public affair, should be married, and have estates in land, these being looked on as pledges for their good behaviour, without which it was considered impolitic as well as dangerous to entrust them with the management of public affairs. The Romans, adopting the example of the Greeks, gave every encouragement to early marriage, and in the election of public officers preference was generally given to married men.

Passing on in the next place to that important preliminary of the marriage state, the choice of partners, we find that on this subject the laws of Greece were most stringent. The absolute freedom in the selection of husband or wife which belongs to us in the nineteenth century was only partially enjoyed by the citizens of Greece. Thus, most of the Grecian States required that citizens should marry none but citizens, regarding the freedom of their cities as far too great a privilege to be granted on easy terms to foreigners. There was an Athenian law of a most arbitrary nature, that if a foreigner married a free woman of Athens, it was in the power of any person to summon him before the magistrates, by whom, if convicted, he was sold as a slave, his goods being confiscated, and the third part of them given to his prosecutor. The same penalty, too, was inflicted upon persons marrying foreign women to citizens, by pretending they were their own daughters, whereby they were deprived of their voice in public assemblies, and the other privileges belonging to them as citizens. The Lacedæmonians, too, were not allowed to marry any of their kindred, whether in the direct degree of descent or not. In every case, also, it



was necessary for young people to obtain their parents' consent, as without it they could not be honourably joined in marriage. Thus Hero tells Leander that she cannot marry him because—

"My parents to the match will not consent,  
Therefore desist, it is not pertinent."

When once, however, the parents had given their permission to an engagement, the ceremony of betrothing took place, which, as in the case of the Romans, was considered strictly binding, and was held, indeed, almost as inviolable as the marriage ceremony itself. There appears to have been several forms of betrothing—the common one consisting in each of the contracting parties exchanging kisses and giving their right hands, which, we are told, was the usual form of ratifying all agreements. Thus Euripides makes Clytemnestra ask for Achilles's right hand as a pledge of his sincere intention to marry her daughter:

"Join your right hand to mine, a sacred tie  
Of this our compact."

The custom of sealing an engagement or compact of any kind by the giving of hands has come down to the present day; and in our marriage service, when the bride and bridegroom give their troth to one another, they take each other's right hands. It is curious, too, to find an old betrothing custom, termed "hand-fasting," which was much in use in this country in days gone by, deriving its name from the interchange of hands. In a work, published in the year 1543, entitled "*The Christian State of Matrimony*," we find in allusion to it this passage: "Yet in this thing also must I warn every reasonable and honest person to beware that in the contracting of marriage they dissemble not, nor set forth any lie. Every man must likewise esteem the person to whom he is 'hand-fasted' none otherwise than his own spouse, though as yet it be not done in the church, nor in the street. After the hand-fasting and making of the contract, the church-going and wedding should not be deferred too long."

The Thebans had a custom for lovers to plight their troth at the monument of Iolaus, who was a lover of Hercules, and assisted him in his labours, and was consequently supposed to preside over love affairs. Occasionally husbands upon their death-beds betrothed their wives to others, as appears, we are told by Mr. Potter, in his "*Grecian Antiquities*," from the story of the father of Demosthenes, who gave his wife Cleobule to one Aphobus, with a considerable portion. When he was dead, however, Aphobus took the portion, but refused to marry the woman; whereupon Demosthenes made his complaint to the magistrates in an elegant oration. It was also customary for a lover to bestow on his future wife a present, as a pledge of his honour and love—a practice which is still kept up in this and other countries. Referring to the presents given away in olden times in England, these appear to have varied in value in accordance with the giver's pecuniary means. Thus, the rich gave trinkets, as well as lace, and other articles of costliness. Those

who had no money to lay out at jewellers' and goldsmiths', broke a silver coin, and each of the contracting party took a moiety of it as a memorial of their engagement.

As in the case of the Romans, the Greeks had their favourite seasons for marrying, one of these being the winter months, especially January. A most propitious time, too, was when there was a conjunction of the sun and moon, at which time they celebrated the marriage of the gods. Full moon was considered a good time. And this reminds us of a piece of folk-lore still prevalent among the Orkney Islanders, who object to marry except with a growing moon. In agricultural operations farmers often take notice of the state of the moon, a waning moon being held as unlucky as a waxing one is lucky. Attention, too, was paid by the Greeks to the choice of the day of the month for the performance of the marriage ceremony—the fourth being considered by Hesiod as a favourable one from its being dedicated to Venus and Mercury. The sixteenth and the eighteenth were generally avoided. The same notion with respect to the selection of months, lucky and unlucky days, prevailed, as we have seen in Rome, and later on in our own country. It is curious to find our old almanacks stating the various seasons for marrying. Thus Lewis Vaughan's Almanack for the year 1559, made for "the meridian of Gloucester," says, "the times of weddings, when it beginneth and endeth—Jan. 14, wedding begin. Jan. 21, weddinge goth out. April 3, wedding begyne. April 29, wedding goth out. May 22, wedding begyn."

Before, however, the Greeks selected a day for the marriage ceremony, they took every precaution to secure a lucky one; and not only were prayers and sacrifices offered up, but every omen was minutely observed. Indeed, in this respect they were so highly superstitious that, should an unlucky omen present itself, not only was the marriage immediately put off, but even the engagement frequently itself dissolved, as displeasing to the gods. Allusion, in our previous paper, has already been made to this form of superstition as existing among the Romans and in our own country. There can be no doubt that it was carried to a most extravagant height by the Greeks, who in all probability transmitted it to the Romans. Among their lucky omens may be mentioned the appearance of the crows, who, from their proverbial length of life, were thought to foretell long life to the bride and bridegroom. One, however, was considered a bad sign, and was supposed to forebode separation or sorrow to the married couple. This notion arose from a common opinion that when this bird loses its mate, it remains solitary ever after. Hence it was customary at a marriage ceremony to sing the words, "Maiden, drive away the crow," whereby precautionary measures were taken that one of these birds should not approach the joyous throng, and cast a cloud upon the festive event. It is curious to find the superstition attached by the Greeks existing nearly everywhere at the present day. Thus, throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire the children regard with no friendly feelings this unfortunate bird, as appears from the following rhyme:



"Crow, crow, get out of my sight,  
Or else I'll eat thy liver and lights."

In Sussex, the peasants affirm that the sight of one crow is unlucky, whereas two are lucky. Butler, too, it may be remembered, in his "Hudibras" alludes to this superstition:

"Is it not om'nous in all countries,  
When crows and ravens croak upon trees."

The most fortunate omen that could happen at a Greek wedding was the appearance of a pair of turtles, on account of the inviolable affection which these birds are supposed to have for each other. Shakespeare gives us several references to this pretty notion, as, for example, in "Troilus and Cressida" (iii. 2):

"As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate."

And once more in "Henry VI" (ii. 2) he refers to the turtle-dove as an emblem of love and constancy:

"When arm-in-arm they both came swiftly running,  
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves."

Occasionally, to prevent evil omens, it was customary, says Mr. Potter, in his "Grecian Antiquities," for people to write over the doors of their houses the words, "Let no evil enter," to which they sometimes added the name of the master of the house, as appears from a newly-married person who thus wrote upon his house: "Here dwells Hercules, the victorious son of Jupiter; let no evil enter."

It seems that before the Grecian bride could enter on the marriage state she had to go through certain rites. One of these consisted in presenting baskets full of little curiosities to Diana, to gain her leave to depart out of her train—young girls being considered as the peculiar charge of this goddess. As Diana, too, was said to be averse to married life, it was customary for persons on the eve of their marriage ceremonies to propitiate her by prayers and sacrifices. The Fates and Graces, also, through their being thought first to join, and then preserve the tie of love, were honoured with certain rites. Indeed, the Greeks of old were so highly superstitious, and attached so much importance to the religious ceremonies associated with their nuptials, that they paid, at this time, honours to various deities, besides performing certain curious customs. Thus, for instance, on the day preceding the marriage, many shaved themselves, and presented their hair to one of their favourite deities to whom they felt under special obligation for benefits supposed to have been conferred upon them. This practice of offering locks of hair is still found among foreign tribes—an interesting relic of primitive folk-lore. Thus the New Zealanders hang locks of hair on branches of trees in their burying-grounds, a recognised place for offerings. The idea probably is to regard the hair as a substitute for its owner, being considered in the light of a representative sacrifice. In ancient Greece this custom of offering hair was universally observed by both men and women when they came

to years of maturity—one of the popular deities being Apollo. Plutarch, for example, tells us that Theseus, "according to the custom of Grecian youth, took a journey to Delphi, to offer the first fruits of his hair to the god of that place."

As now, so then, the bride on the wedding morning was the centre of attraction, and judging from classic writers her attire must have been very graceful and picturesque. And those who have seen even a Grecian bride of modern days will be able to form some slight conception of the appearance of one in remote times. Their beauty, added to the quaint and grotesque character of their dress, gave them quite an imposing appearance. The description of Juno given in Pope's "Homer" will give the reader some faint idea of the elaborate character of the ancient Greek ladies on this eventful occasion:

"Far-beaming pendants tremble in the ear,  
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.  
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white  
Than even-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.  
Last, her fair feet celestial sandals grace.  
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,  
Forth from the dome th' imperial goddess moves,  
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves."

Before marriage, the Grecian ladies generally wore over their faces a veil; an allusion to which custom is made by the old poet Euphoriion, who speaking of Pluto's gift to Proserpine says:

"Pluto to Proserpine a present gave,  
When first she laid aside her maiden veil,  
And at the marriage show'd herself uncover'd."

This veil anciently covered the head and part of the body, and was very long. The modern Grecian lady still wears it as an essential part of her dress, although it does not cover the face in the same way as formerly. It is generally composed of muslin, often bordered with gold. That of the common people is made of a coarser sort of plain muslin. It is, too, generally white, such as the monuments of old represent the veils of Hermione and Helen.\* In allusion to the practice just mentioned of the Grecian young lady wearing a veil, an amusing anecdote is recorded of the sophist Hermocrates, who having a woman of not very agreeable looks imposed upon him in marriage by Severus, the Roman emperor, when she took off her veil, said, "It would be more proper to make her a present to keep her veil on, unless her face was more agreeable." The custom of English brides wearing a veil at their marriage nuptials has, by some antiquarians, been traced to the time of the Greeks. Mr. Jeaffreson considers that it may be ascribed to the Hebrew marriage ceremony, or the yellow veil of the old Roman brides. "It may come," he adds, "from the same religious source as the veil, which was largely used by Christians in the ninth century, and which in the diocese of Bologna was at a later period made to envelop both the bride and bridegroom during the performance of the ecclesiastical rite of matrimony. It may also be a mere amplification

\* Lady Hamilton's "Marriage Customs," 85.

of the coif, which our mediæval brides used to wear between the garland and the hair—of such a coif, for instance, as Margaret Tudor wore under her coronet at her wedding with the King of Scotland. In this last case the bridal veil and the housemaid's cap have the same origin." It has also been suggested that the English bride's veil may be nothing more than a milliner's substitute for the flowing tresses which in old time concealed the bride's personal attractions, and covered her face when she was at the altar; an opinion countenanced by the fact that Elizabeth Stuart was not thought to require an artificial veil, since nature had given her such an abundance of beautiful hair. Heywood gives the following graphic picture:—

"At length the blushing bride comes, with her hair  
Dishevelled 'bout her shoulders."

As in modern times, flowers formed a special attraction in a Grecian wedding; and all that skill and artistic taste could devise was exercised in decorating the house where the nuptial ceremonies were celebrated. On the occasion of Juno's wedding Homer makes the rejoicings universal:—

"Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers;  
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,  
And clust'ring swell'd the rising bed,  
And sudden hyacinths the turfs bestow,  
And flaming crocus made the mountain glow."

Garlands of wild asparagus, which is full of prickles, were much in request, being thought to be a symbol of the bride, who had given her lover some trouble in courting her. The rose, which was one of the favourite ceremonial flowers of the Greeks, added to the gaiety of the occasion. And we may note here that during the marriage service of modern Greeks the priest is supplied with two chaplets of lilies and ears of corn, which he places on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, as emblems of purity and abundance.

At the marriage ceremony the bride held an earthen vessel, in which was parched barley, to signify her obligation to attend to the business of her family.

Great festivities attended the reception of the bride in the bridegroom's house on the wedding day. She was generally conducted in a chariot

from her father's house, her husband sitting on one side of her and one of his most intimate friends on the other. If the bridegroom, however, was a widower, he was not allowed to fetch the bride, this duty being performed by one of his friends. In addition to the torches which were carried before the chariot by servants, they were not unfrequently attended by singers and dancers.

On the arrival of the bride at her husband's house, the axletree of the carriage in which she had ridden was burnt, this act signifying that the bride had left her father's home never to return. As soon as she entered her new home with her husband, it was customary to pour upon their heads figs and various other fruits. This custom, as we saw in our former paper, existed among the Romans, and prevails at the present day in our own country, the rice which is scattered at every wedding, to the dismay of the poor bride, being an emblem of plenty.

The bride, having arrived at her home, was entertained with a sumptuous banquet, which, says Mr. Potter, was observed for a twofold meaning. The first was that the gods of marriage might be invoked; and the second that the marriage might be made public, all the relations of the bride and bridegroom being invited as witnesses of the marriage. In primitive times the ratification of any important business was always associated with feasting, such gatherings serving to prove the validity of the marriage if in after days any one should dispute it. The modern wedding breakfast, no doubt, had its origin in these ancient feasts, which were then a matter of necessity. Although it has lost its significance, yet as a custom it remains deeply rooted in our midst, another of those interesting survivals of early social culture which serve to connect the present with the past. During the Greek marriage feast a curious ceremony took place in the entry of a boy, covered with thorn-boughs and acorns, who, carrying a basket full of bread, kept singing, "I have left the worse and found the better." Whilst the acorn and bread were another symbol of the plenty which all present wished and prayed the newly-married couple might have, the words he sang indicated that married life was preferable to a single one. At the conclusion of the feast music and dancing commenced, and the company diverted themselves with these and other entertainments after the manner of modern times.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.



## THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.



Presenting a complete series of portraits of the Presidents of the United States, we propose to give a brief biographical summary descriptive of them. It has been said that the most able men have rarely attained to the highest office, but our survey will serve to show that without exception these Presidents have been men of marked ability, and that some have been truly great. How little, however, distinguished ability is necessarily a part of moral greatness may be seen in the first of the series, who, without pretensions to high talent of any kind, will remain one of the greatest figures in history.

### I.—GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732—1799).

An English royalist who emigrated to Virginia in the days of Cromwell was the ancestor of the founder of American liberty. An orphan at twelve years of age, Washington was trained by his mother, a woman of vigorous character, to habits of frugality, industry, obedience, and truthfulness. Though the child of easy circumstances, he passed through hardship in his youth, camping out for months in the forest as a land surveyor. The old feud between England and France extended to the American continent, and Washington entered the British army as adjutant of the provincial troops. He was only twenty-one when he undertook a hazardous journey of from five to six hundred miles through the wilderness as a special messenger from the English, from the British to the French commandant. He narrowly escaped assassination from a treacherous guide, and was very near being drowned in the Alleghany. In an ambush into which the British fell during the campaign he had two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat, being the only officer who came out alive. In 1759 he married a widow of large property, who, like himself, held a number of slaves. Her settlement prevented the emancipation of her portion, and the intermarriages rendered it difficult to give freedom to his alone. Washington therefore directed, by will, the emancipation of the whole upon the death of his wife. Elected a member of the Virginian Assembly, he at first advocated a moderate policy with regard to Great Britain, but after 1774 he declared himself in favour of Independence. The Battle of Lexington (1775) aroused the country, and Washington accepted the position of commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. Successful in his first effort against the British, he

was driven back from New York and suffered a series of defeats. But though often reduced to desperate straits, he never lost his calm courage, and in the end his prudence, firmness, and perseverance were rewarded, and the independence of the thirteen colonies achieved.

Some sort of common government being found necessary, a Convention was held at Philadelphia (1787), which resulted in the present Federal Constitution. Under its provisions Washington was chosen first President of the United States, and filled that office twice in succession. The formation of the Constitution had developed two parties: those who were for centralisation and a strong government, and those who wished the least possible surrender of the liberties of each individual State and person. The former were called Federalists, the latter Republicans. Washington favoured the Federalists, and, tired of party contentions, refused a third election (1796). "I conceive," he said, "that under an energetic general Government such regulations might be made, and such measures taken, as would render this country the asylum of pacific and industrious characters from all parts of Europe." He died within three weeks of the end of the century which his exploits had helped to make memorable. Every inch a king, Washington was of noble presence, tall and well-proportioned, stately and gracious in his manner. He was a ruler—"First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—a true PATER PATRÆ.

### II.—JOHN ADAMS (1735—1826).

The second President of the United States was a Massachusetts man; of Puritan ancestry, his father being a well-to-do farmer and shoemaker, and a deacon in his church. Adams was sent to Harvard, and graduated there in 1755. Schoolmaster, and then lawyer, what he wished most of all was to be a soldier. A thorough, warm-hearted patriot, he soon found himself a leader in the Revolution. As a member of the Congress of Philadelphia, he had no superior in zeal and devotion to the public cause. From the first he advocated the views of the Federalists. In 1777 he was sent to France to solicit its help in the struggle against Great Britain, and in 1799 he came again to Europe to negotiate a general peace. He was presented to George III, who said that he was glad to receive an ambassador who had no prejudices in favour of France. "I have no prejudice," Adams replied, "except in favour of my native country."

Having as a candidate for the Presidency the highest number of votes after Washington, he was made, according to the custom of that period, Vice-President. In 1797 he became President. The French Republic was in the full tide of its power, and thought its American sister would prove as obedient as its European satellites. But Adams, entrenched behind the Atlantic, set the new despotism at defiance. While the struggle was pending patriotic ardour ran high, and Congress and the President passed an Alien Act and a Sedition Act, the provisions of which the Republicans considered dangerous to liberty. The next election proved that the country thought so too, for the Republican candidate received a majority, and Mr. Adams fell into unpopularity. An admirable wife and good means somewhat consoled him in his unmerited neglect, and he lived to see his son elected President. His death gave rise to a most remarkable coincidence, for he and his great rival Thomas Jefferson both passed away within a few hours of each other on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence which they had been the chief instruments in preparing.

### III.—THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743—1826).

The son of a Virginian planter of ample means, Thomas Jefferson, though left an orphan at the age of fourteen, had the best education the country could afford. At college he formed a friendship with a Scotch professor, Dr. Small, to whose influence he conceived himself much indebted. A member of the Virginian Bar, he was sent in 1769 to the provincial legislature. In 1772 he married a widow of large property. Shortly after his election the struggle with Great Britain came to a crisis. Jefferson wrote a "Summary View of the Rights of British America," for which he was threatened with prosecution. It was an exposition of the doctrine, "No taxation without representation." This and another bold paper placed him among the leaders of the Revolution. In the Continental Convention he always advocated the most uncompromising measures. It was he who wrote the Declaration of Independence, which being finally agreed to July 4th, 1776, that day is regarded as the birthday of the Republic.

He next directed his efforts to the radical reform of Virginian law. Four points engaged his attention: the abolition of slavery, the repeal of the laws of entail and of primogeniture, and the establishment of religious freedom. He was successful in all points but the first, and became governor of the State. He was sent on two missions to Europe, and succeeded Franklin as ambassador in France. Returning to America, he took office as Secretary of State in 1790, under Washington. In 1797 he became Vice-President, and presided in the Senate. In 1801 he became President of the United States. Aaron Burr obtaining the same number of votes in the electoral college, Jefferson was appointed by the House of Representatives. As President, he did away with every semblance of regality, and affected the ex-

tremest simplicity. He declined to make a personal speech, sent a written message to Congress by a non-official hand, and desired the answer through the post-office. During his first Presidency war was declared against the Algerine States, for protection against whose pirate ships tribute had till now been paid; and Louisiana was bought from the French for fifteen millions of dollars. In 1804 Jefferson was chosen a second time President, but Aaron Burr lost the Vice-Presidency. Shortly after, the latter was accused of conspiring to found a new Republic. He was tried for high treason, but acquitted. The American marine suffered so severely from the measures taken against each other by the French and English that the President for a time forbade any United States vessels to leave their ports. In 1809 Jefferson retired into private life, but he was so hospitable that he embarrassed his estates. He died at noon, July 4th, 1826, a few hours before John Adams. For culture and force of mind the third President of the United States stands pre-eminent. Thomas Jefferson was a philosophic statesman. "The world," he said, "was governed too much."

### IV.—JAMES MADISON (1751—1836).

Descended from an English emigrant who settled in Virginia about 1653, Madison was born there a century later. He graduated at Princeton, N.J., in 1771, and studied so hard as to injure his health. He became a lawyer and distinguished himself in defence of the Baptists, who with other Nonconformists had been subjected to persecution. A member of the Virginian Convention in 1776, of the Federal Congress in 1779, he was one of the most respected of American statesmen. Elected to the Virginian legislature in 1784, he supported Mr. Jefferson's reforms. As a member of the Philadelphia Convention he did more than any other person towards the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States. He was a Federalist and in favour of centralisation, but finding himself afterwards opposed to Hamilton's financial measures, he left his party and joined the Republicans. In 1792 he became their avowed leader and opposed the Alien and Sedition Acts. He was Secretary of State during the whole term of Jefferson's Presidency, and at its close was nominated, in a caucus, Republican candidate for the presidency. Jefferson began his administration with the patriotic appeal, "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans;" but he found party spirit too strong, and he became leader of the Republicans. Madison was less the leader than the patient follower of the same party. He was elected, and entered office in 1809. Nearly his whole Presidency was occupied in a war with England, which, though successful at sea, was most disastrous on land. Washington was invaded by the British troops and the capital burnt. The war cost the States 30,000 lives and 100 millions of dollars, and left much ill-feeling. In 1817 Madison retired to his farm in Virginia, only appearing again on one or two great occasions.



He was a man of great culture, and of such simplicity and integrity as to command the respect of all parties in the Commonwealth.

V.—JAMES MONROE (1758—1831).

The son of a Virginian planter, Monroe was descended from a cavalier who emigrated about 1652. Educated at William and Mary College, he became a cadet in 1776. He took part in the campaign on the Hudson, and distinguished himself in the battles of Brandy-wine, German Town, and Monmouth, but, unable to obtain a commission in the British army, settled down to law under Jefferson. When the War of Independence broke out, Jefferson sent him as a commissioner into South Carolina. He was elected a member of the Virginian Assembly, and at the age of twenty-three a member of the Executive Council. In 1783 he was chosen a delegate to Congress, and a resolution that he moved led to the Convention at Annapolis. He was re-elected to the General Assembly in 1787, and was chosen in 1788 a delegate to the Virginian Convention, to decide on the Federal Constitution. He took the side of the States' rights party and opposed its ratifications. In 1790 he became a senator, and in 1794 was sent as plenipotentiary to France. His marked preference for the French Republic caused his recall, and he wrote a pamphlet against Mr. Adams's Government. He was governor of Virginia from 1799 to 1802, and then again sent to France to negotiate the purchase of Louisiana. He went to England and to Spain on diplomatic missions, but was not successful and returned to America. In 1811 he became Madison's Secretary of State, having previously been his rival for the Presidency. He exerted himself to restore the sunken finances of the United States and to increase the army. He became President in 1817, and making a tour round the country was well received. In 1820 he was re-elected almost unanimously. He was no orator, but generally esteemed as an honest man and able administrator. His Presidency is distinguished by the once famous Missouri compromise and the still famous "Monroe doctrine." By the first, slavery was prohibited above the line of latitude 36°30'; and according to the second, American policy will neither entangle itself in the broils of Europe nor suffer the powers of the Old World to interfere with the affairs of the New. In 1825 Monroe retired from public life, but his profuse hospitality involved him in debt, and he died in 1831, like Adams and Jefferson, on the 4th of July.

VI.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS (1767—1848).

Son of the second President, and blessed with a mother of great intelligence, John Quincy Adams had every advantage in the race of life. At ten years of age he went with his father to Europe, and passed his school-days at Paris and Amsterdam, finally going to the University of Leyden. In

1786 he graduated with honours at Harvard University. During his father's Presidency he was sent to Europe on diplomatic missions. He was recalled by President Jefferson, and became a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and in 1803 of that of the United States. In 1808 he resigned his seat and became professor of rhetoric at Harvard, but was very soon sent by President Madison as plenipotentiary to Russia, and while in Europe concluded a treaty of peace with Great Britain. On his return to America (1817) he became Secretary of State under President Monroe. There being no choice of the people in the Presidential election of 1824, the House of Representatives chose Mr. Adams. The new President had to struggle with violent party feeling, and he and Henry Clay became identified with what was called the National Republican party, the party which in connection with the Abolitionists finally became known as the Republican party. In 1829 Mr. Adams retired for a short time from public life, but being chosen next year as representative of his district in Congress, he devoted himself with untiring zeal to the presentation of petitions against slavery. He was stricken with paralysis while sitting in the House of Representatives. The last words he was heard to utter were, "This is the last of earth! I die content!" Mr. Adams was stout like his father, and of medium height, but his piercing dark eyes, and expressive countenance, his active habits and haughty manners, announced the man of intellectual power and strong independent will.

VII.—ANDREW JACKSON (1767—1845).

In 1765 a man of Scotch extraction emigrated from the North of Ireland to South Carolina, and dying soon after his arrival, left his widow with a half-cleared farm in a new settlement. In these unpromising circumstances Andrew Jackson was born. His mother, however, was a woman of energy, and determined that he should have a good education and be a clergyman. The War of Independence breaking out, Andrew, though only thirteen years of age, followed his brother into the camp and was taken prisoner. Ordered to clean the boots of a British officer, the proud little captive refused, and got a blow with a sword on the head, the marks of which he carried to the grave. His mother died, and Jackson grew reckless and extravagant. Ere long he reformed, became a lawyer, and throwing himself into the Indian War, fought against the natives with such success as to earn amongst them the titles of "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow." 1812 found him major-general in the militia of Tennessee. In 1814 he defeated the Creek Indians, and being at one time destitute of supplies, set the example of feeding on hickory-nuts, whence his nickname, "Old Hickory." He finally broke the power of the Indian race in North America. Raised to the rank of major-general in the United States army, he defended New Orleans against General Pakenham. This made him so popular that he successively became Governor of Florida,

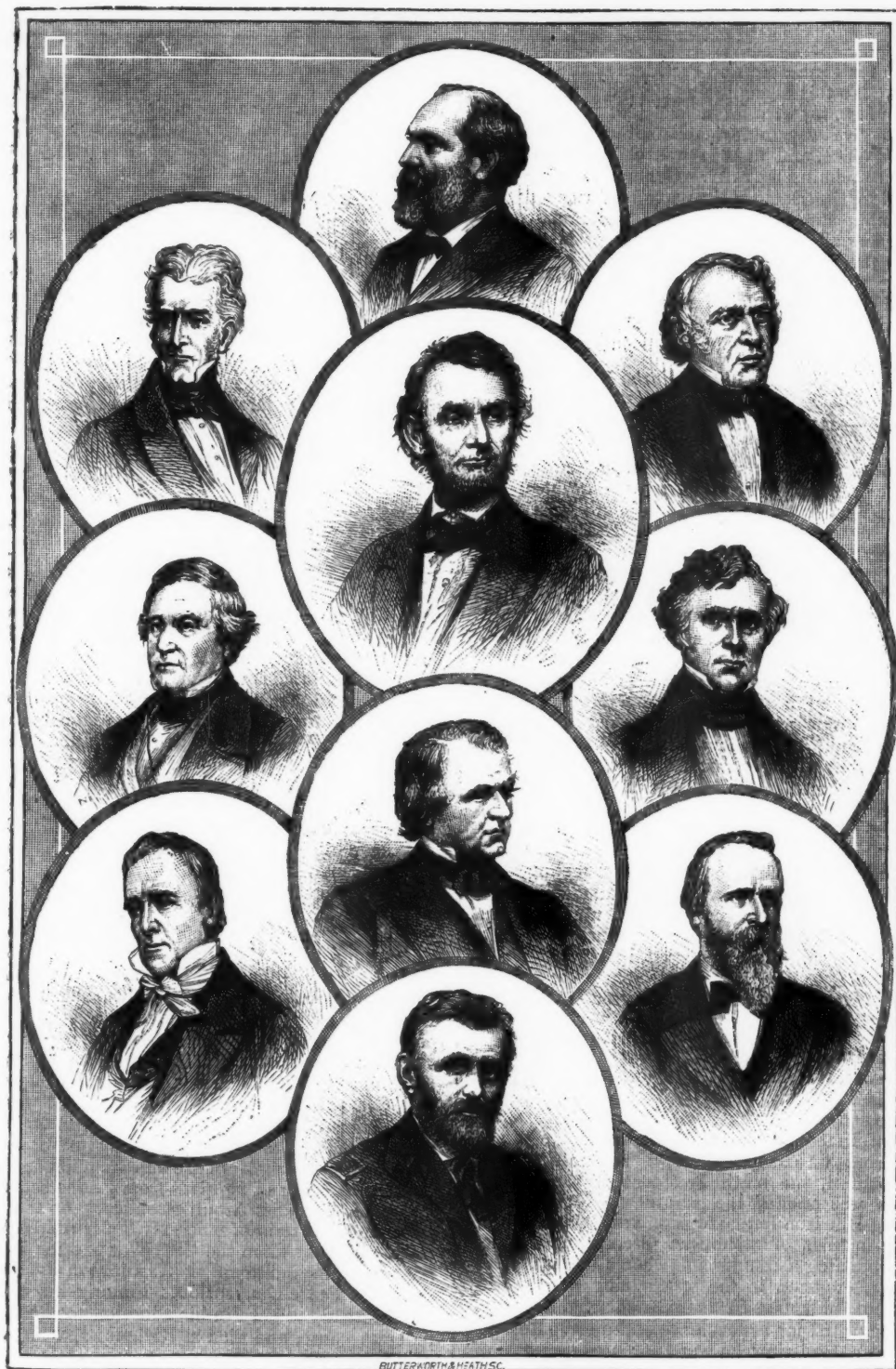


THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

JAMES MADISON, 1809-17.  
ANDREW JACKSON, 1829-37.  
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, 1841.

JOHN ADAMS, 1797.  
GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1789-97.  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 1825.  
THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1801-9.

JAMES MONROE, 1817-25.  
MARTIN VAN BUREN, 1837.  
JOHN TYLER, 1841



# THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

JAMES KNOX POLK, 1845.  
MILLARD FILLMORE, 1850.  
JAMES BUCHANAN, 1857.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD, 1881.  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1861-5.  
ANDREW JOHNSON, 1865.  
ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT, 1869-77.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, 1849.  
FRANKLIN PIERCE, 1853.  
RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES, 1877.



senator for Tennessee, and President of the United States. To this office he was elected three times. On the first, for want of a sufficient majority, he had to give way to Mr. Adams, but in 1829 he entered office, and in 1832 was chosen again by an overwhelming majority. General Jackson belonged to the Democratic party and ruled autocratically. He commenced the bad practice of dismissing all officials who were not of his party, using the well-known words, "To the victors belong the spoils." He vetoed measures supported by large majorities, and destroyed the United States Bank. A tall and slender man but compactly built, his appearance indicated great resolution and keen insight.

#### VIII.—MARTIN VAN BUREN (1782—1862).

Born of parents in such moderate circumstances that he only received a common school education, Martin Van Buren was from his youth up a politician. At eighteen he represented the Republicans of his native place, Kinderhook, in a Congressional Convention. He became a lawyer, and in 1812 was elected a senator of his State, and in 1821 a representative to Congress. 1828 saw him made Governor of New York, and the next year Secretary of State to President Jackson, with whom he was a favourite. In 1832 he was elected Vice-President, and in 1837 President. He had been the prime mover in the action against the United States Bank, his policy being to separate the Government Treasury from all connection with the banks. The financial crisis of 1837 caused his Presidency to be very stormy. All the banks stopped and the commercial cities threatened insurrection. President Van Buren, however, stood firm, and this opposition to popular feeling, and his want of sympathy with the Canadian insurrection of 1829, brought him into much odium. He justified the destruction of the steamer *Caroline* by the British, when employed in carrying men and stores to the insurgents. In this and in other matters Van Buren preferred honour to popularity.

#### IX.—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON (1773—1841).

The son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a descendant of John Harrison, who suffered as a regicide at the Restoration, the ninth President of the United States was one of the worthiest of the series. Young Harrison left college an ardent admirer of the principles of republican Greece and Rome, and obtaining a commission when nineteen years of age, engaged in the war against the North-Western Indians. In 1795 he married a woman distinguished for benevolence and piety. Resigning his commission, he was appointed secretary of the North-West Territory, and in 1799 he became its representative in Congress. Here he exerted himself to obtain very great modifications in the laws relating to the sale of Federal lands. A Bill was passed enabling them to be sold in small parcels, an Act to which the Western States

ascribe all their prosperity. In 1816 General Harrison was again elected to Congress, and in 1824 became a member of the Senate. He was sent as ambassador to Columbia, but recalled, and for twelve years filled the humble post of prothonotary of a county court in Ohio. In 1836 the Whig party put his name forward as a candidate for the Presidency, but without success. In 1840 he was again brought forward as the people's candidate, and after a most exciting contest was elected. Worn out with his exertions, and the importunities of the office-seekers, his health gave way, and he died a month after his inauguration. He was of so disinterested a nature that, although he had been nearly fifty years in the service of the public, and had ample opportunities of amassing wealth, he left his family nothing but an unsullied reputation.

#### X.—JOHN TYLER (1790—1862).

Born in Virginia, the son of an officer in the War of Independence, John Tyler entered William and Mary College at twelve, graduated at seventeen, and was admitted to the Bar at nineteen, becoming a member of the Virginian legislature at twenty-one. A supporter of the policy of Jefferson and Madison and the Democratic party (for so the old Republican party was now named), after being elected five times to the State legislature he was sent to Congress. In 1825 he became Governor of Virginia, and in 1827 United States senator. In Congress he always voted with the States' right party, but was opposed to President Jackson's action against the United States Bank. From that time he allied himself with Mr. Clay and the Whigs. This led to his election as Vice-President by that party, a position which, as it turned out, gave him the Presidency in its full term. To the surprise of his supporters, the new President reverted to his old principles, and even vetoed the Bill for the establishment of a national bank. On the other hand, he agreed to an Act entirely opposed to the interests of his party, the annexation of Texas, by which the balance of power fell to the Slave States. The most memorable event of his term of office was the Treaty of Washington, whereby many of the chief disputes with Great Britain were finally settled. It was by the advice of Daniel Webster, his Secretary of State, that the North-East Boundary question was arranged; the right of search regulated; the mutual surrender of fugitives from justice secured, and other Canadian troubles ended. At the expiration of his term of office Mr. Tyler retired into private life, but when the Civil War became imminent he appeared again at Washington as President of a Peace Convention. Finding his efforts unsuccessful, he gave in his adhesion to the Confederate cause, and died at Richmond, a member of its Congress.

#### XI.—JAMES KNOX POLK (1795—1849).

Early in the eighteenth century a family of the name of Pollock emigrated from the North of



Ireland to America. A descendant of the emigrants, Samuel Polk—a plain hard-working farmer in South Carolina—was the father of the next President of the United States. James Polk, when a lad, went through many hardships, accompanying his father into the dense forests and rough canebrakes which then covered the country, attending to the pack-horses and cooking the victuals. A boy fond of reading and reflection, his father determined to give him the best education in his power. He was sent to the University of South Carolina, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1820. Three years after he became a member of the legislature of Tennessee, and was shortly afterwards sent a member to Congress by the Democratic party. In 1824 he was married. In 1837 he was elected Speaker of Congress, and in 1839 Governor of Tennessee. In 1844 he was nominated as a compromise candidate and elected President of the United States. His term of office was signalised by the settlement of the Oregon boundary and by the war with Mexico, which was conducted with great success by General Taylor, and resulted in the acquisition of California and New Mexico. Mr. Polk refused a second nomination, but retired to his home in Tennessee, where three months after he died.

#### XII.—ZACHARY TAYLOR (1784—1850).

A Virginian by birth, he passed his early years in a new settlement in Kentucky, where his father had a plantation, the yell of the savage and the crack of the rifle almost constantly ringing in his ears. His father had served in the War of Independence and enjoyed the title of colonel. A commission had been granted an elder son, who dying in 1808, Zachary was appointed in his place. Thus at twenty-four he found his vocation, and for the next forty years displayed not only military genius, but a "pluck and push," a directness of speech and action, a singleness of aim and transparent honesty of character, that greatly endeared him to Young America. As he had carried everything before him in his wars with the Indians and the Mexicans, so in the Presidential election of 1849 he carried the day against veteran statesmen like Clay and Webster, Van Buren and C. F. Adams. Even the nominee of his own party, General Lewis Cass, the Democratic candidate, had no chance against "Old Rough and Ready," who was borne into office by a tide of popular enthusiasm. General Taylor was literally killed by his admirers. Unaccustomed to the atmosphere of political turmoil, he fell ill and died. Duty was ever the first thought of this fiery, determined old warrior; in its performance he never flinched, be the consequence what it might. His last words were, "I am ready, I have endeavoured to do my duty."

#### XIII.—MILLARD FILLMORE (1800—1874).

The second Vice-President who obtained office by the unexpected death of a favourite of the people, Mr. Fillmore filled the post with credit to himself and satisfaction to his countrymen. De-

scended from an old Puritan stock who were among the first emigrants to Massachusetts, Millard Fillmore's immediate parents were too poor to give him any education other than that of a village school. He never saw a grammar or a geography until he was nineteen. At fourteen he was bound apprentice to a wool-carder, but a benevolent lawyer, discovering his passion for books, took him into his office and helped him to study for the legal profession. The young man worked ardently, and to help in his support devoted part of his time to teaching. In 1823 he was admitted to the Bar, and gradually acquired means and reputation. He entered the legislature of New York as a member of the Whig, or Republican party, and was mainly instrumental in procuring the abolition of imprisonment for small debts in the State of New York. Returned to Congress in 1832, his abilities caused him to be several times elected. In 1847 he was made Comptroller of New York, and in the following year Vice-President of the United States, which position qualified him for the Presidency on the death of General Taylor. Having a majority against him in Congress, his administration was not marked by any important measure. He promoted exploration at home and abroad, and at the expiration of his term of office retired to his home at Buffalo, New York, where he died. The youth who at nineteen had never seen a grammar or a geography, lived not only to be President of the United States, but to have the title of D.C.L. tendered him by the University of Oxford, an honour which, with characteristic modesty, he refused.

#### XIV.—FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Son of an officer who fought in the War of Independence, Mr. Pierce was a man of military tastes. He was born in New Hampshire, and studied at Bowdoin College, Maine. A lawyer by profession, he showed the sterling mettle of his character at the onset. His first case was a non-success, but it only made him more determined to succeed, which he soon did. He was elected in 1829 to the House of Representatives in his State, and in 1831 became its Speaker. In 1833 he was sent to Congress, and in 1837 entered the United States Senate, being its youngest member. He was offered the position of Attorney-General of the United States, and the Governorship of New Hampshire. He refused both, and volunteered as a private in the Mexican War. He was appointed brigadier-general, and saw considerable service. At the Baltimore Convention (1852) General Pierce was chosen as a compromise candidate by the Democratic party, and carried the day against General Scott. Between his election and his inauguration a terrible calamity befell him. His only child, a boy of eleven years of age, was killed in a railway accident. The grief of the President's wife was incurable, her health gave way, and she died. Beloved in private life for his amiable and winning manners, General Pierce's Presidency was one continued struggle, and presaged civil war. Slavery had become the burning question, the strife in Kansas and the brutal assault

on Mr. Sumner in the Senate, were precursors of what was coming. During the Civil War Mr. Pierce made a speech in favour of the Confederate cause at Concord, where he resided, and where a few years after he died.

XV.—JAMES BUCHANAN (1791—1868).

Born in Pennsylvania, Mr. Buchanan was educated at Dickinson College. He entered the law, and in 1814 was elected a member of the Pennsylvania legislature. He was sent to Congress in 1820, and re-elected several times, until in 1831 he was sent as ambassador to Russia by President Jackson. Returning to America in 1834, he shortly after became a member of the United States Senate. In 1845 President Polk appointed him Secretary of State, and in 1854 he was sent as ambassador to England. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan was put forward by the Democratic party as a candidate for the Presidency, and elected. He had the misfortune to be at the helm during a most disastrous time. His own party and some of his Ministers rebelled against the Union; but he remained faithful to his trust, and during the Civil War supported Lincoln and his policy.

XVI.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809—1865).

The second founder of the United States was born in a log-cabin in Kentucky. His father was idle, thriftless, poor, a hunter and a rover; his mother, once a beauty, lived a wretched and toilsome life and died early. Abe Lincoln owed his best influence to his stepmother, who he regarded in after life as his "angel of a mother," and to whom he was ever most dutiful. She had him sent to school. Abraham grew to be a veritable giant, and a Samson in strength. He was naturally lazy, very kind, very loyal, full of humour, rather melancholy, and very ambitious. Nothing made him so angry as cruelty, nothing pleased him so much as a book. He could carry six hundred pounds with ease, throw the strongest wrestler, and learn forty pages of Blackstone at a sitting. He was Jack-of-all-trades—wood-chopper, rail-splitter, bargee, salesman, surveyor, soldier, lawyer, and statesman. In default of anything better he could sit on his heels and hold a baby. The roughest of backwoodsmen, to all appearance, he was really better educated than most college-bred men. But he was so poor that, when first elected to the legislature of Illinois in 1834, a friend lent him the money to make a decent appearance. He soon showed himself a clever speaker. His first principle was loyalty to the Union, his second the limitation of slavery. In 1846 he was sent to Congress and denounced the Mexican War. As early as 1850 he saw that the "Slave Question" could not be compromised, and in 1858 made the celebrated speech in which he asserted that a house divided against itself could not stand, and that before long every State in the Union would have to adopt one course—slavery or freedom. In 1859 he was put forward for the Presidency, and in 1860 was chosen the Republican candidate over Mr. Seward, and elected November 6th. The

secession of the Southern States immediately followed. The details of this revolutionary movement, and how it was met by President Lincoln, and the great Civil War that followed, with all its stirring incidents and stupendous results, are familiar to most readers. Abraham Lincoln rose, as every one admits, to the occasion. He committed no act of perfidy or cruelty, no act of tyranny or revenge, though he finally fell a victim to assassination. The tenderness of his heart was proverbial. If praise may rightly be bestowed on man, no ruler, Washington himself not excepted, ever deserved a nobler civic crown than Abraham Lincoln.

XVII.—ANDREW JOHNSON (1808—1875).

The assassination of President Lincoln became the third occasion upon which a Vice-President succeeded to the highest office in the State. Born in North Carolina, Andrew Johnson was left an orphan at four years of age by the death of his father, who was drowned while trying to save the life of a friend. He had no schooling, and at ten years of age was apprenticed to a tailor, whom he served for seven years. While on the bench he heard some one read the speeches of Pitt and Fox. His mind woke up. He learnt the alphabet, borrowed the book, and spelt it out by assiduous labour every night. For two years he worked as a journeyman in South Carolina. A disappointment in love drove him to Tennessee, where he married a wife who taught him to write and cipher. He organised a party in his district to oppose the aristocratic element, and was made alderman of his town in 1828. 1835 saw him a Democratic member of the Tennessee legislature; 1841, a senator. He was sent to Congress in 1843, and to the United States Senate in 1857. Up to Secession he was a Democrat, but discovering the objects of the Southern leaders, he behaved with extraordinary resolution and spirit, and at the peril of his life declared himself for the Union. This won him the confidence of President Lincoln, who appointed him Military Governor of Tennessee, in which position he gave so much satisfaction that on Lincoln's renomination Andrew Johnson was elected Vice-President. His inaugural speech was incoherent, and was severely censured. The great office vacant by Lincoln's death, however, was his, and the new President entered upon a struggle with Congress, the merits of which must be left to the future to decide. He was impeached, but for want of a sufficient majority acquitted. At the expiration of his office he fell into obscurity, and died in 1874.

XVIII.—ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT (1822).

One of the most popular of American Presidents, General Grant owed his election, like General Taylor, to his military fame. Born in Ohio of Scotch ancestry, he was sent to West Point Military Academy, where by some blunder his original name of Hiram Ulysses was altered to the one he has ever since borne. He graduated in 1843, entered the army, and displayed such

gallant conduct in the Mexican War that he was brevetted first-lieutenant and captain. After some more service in Oregon in 1852, he resigned his commission, became an estate agent, and for a time was employed by his father in the leather trade. When the War of Secession broke out he volunteered his services, and began as colonel of an Illinois regiment. He rapidly came to the fore, won the great Battle of Pittsburg Landing, reduced Vicksburg, causing the fall of Fort Hudson and the opening of the Mississippi; defeated Bragg at Chattanooga, and becoming commander-in-chief, directed the final struggle in Virginia, which led to the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of Lee and the Confederate army. To mark these great services, Congress revived the grade of General in the United States army, and the people elected him President twice in succession—the second time over Horace Greely, the well-known editor of the "New York Tribune."

## XIX.—RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

(1822).

Descended from a Scotch family, who settled in Connecticut in 1682, Mr. Hayes was born in Ohio. His father died three months before his birth; his mother was a woman in whose character strength and sweetness were happily combined. Young Hayes had the usual education of a respectable American. After going through the ordinary schools he entered Kenyon College, Ohio, where he attained the highest position. He then went to study law at Harvard (1843), began business in 1846, but premonitory symptoms of consumption arising, he was obliged to give up and pass a winter in Texas. He recovered his health, returned to Cincinnati, and distinguished himself in certain great criminal cases, and became solicitor to the city. When the Civil War broke out he entered the army of the North, and was appointed major and judge-advocate of the district of Ohio, and then colonel. During the campaign of 1864 in Western Virginia Colonel Hayes was engaged in several battles, and for his conduct at Fisher's Hill and Cedars Creek was created brigadier-general. As a commander he was distinguished for personal intrepidity and great impetuosity in action. He was a hundred days under fire, wounded four times, and had four horses shot under him. In 1865 he was returned to Congress, and again in 1867. He was no speech-maker, but a worker. In Congress, and as Governor of Ohio, which office he filled for four years (1868—71), he appears to have been an enlightened friend of literature and art. In Congress he was chairman of the Library Committee. In 1876 he was nominated Republican candidate for the Presidency. The history of this election and the difficulties attending it, owing to the tie of votes between Mr. Hayes and his opponent, are fresh in everybody's recollection. The late President's character for spotless integrity has been well maintained. He has ever been "*le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*."

## XX.—JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD (1831).

The new President is the eighth orphan who has attained the highest position in the United States. The son of a small farmer who died when he was four years of age, General Garfield was brought up by a pious, energetic mother, who taught him to love the Bible and believe in prayer. Though the youngest of the family, he determined to do his share towards sustaining the old roof-tree. He learnt to be a carpenter, and to do odd jobs in the village. Ignorant of reading and writing, he went on a winter's evening to the schoolroom, where the men met to hear a reading from the newspaper, or from some book. As he sat silently drinking in what he heard, the thirst for instruction awoke in him, and he determined to get learning. He hired himself as a boatman on the Ohio canal, soon rose from driver to steersman, and then thought of becoming a sailor on the great lakes. With his earnings he had obtained elementary instruction; but before he could complete his scheme he fell ill of a fever. Weak and almost fainting, he arrived at the door of his mother's farm. A voice was praying; it was the mother entreating that her son might not become a sailor. His hand was on the latch, he entered, her prayer was answered.

This illness decided his future. He had learnt to read and write, and now he determined to go to college. In company with two friends he set off, carrying with them their own cooking apparatus. An old wooden house was their lodging, and Garfield began to study as one who meant to succeed. Morning and evening, and all Saturday, he worked as a carpenter, yet he distanced his richer fellow-students. After a time he began to support himself by teaching. From Chester he went to Hiram Institute, where, to eke out his expenses, he attended to the fires and swept the rooms. While studying at Hiram he was baptized, became a member of the Church of the Disciples, and preached. In 1854 a friend lent him nearly a thousand dollars to go up to Williams College. There he took his degrees with honour. At twenty-five he possessed nothing but his diploma, a few books, and a heavy debt. He obtained a professorship in Hiram Institute, and soon became its president. In this capacity he had to preach every Sunday, and in so doing laid the foundation of his credit as an orator. He married one who had been his fellow-student at Chester.

In 1859 he was sent by the Anti-Slavery party to the Senate of Ohio, and distinguished himself as a legislator and as a speaker. The Civil War broke out, and Senator Garfield volunteered into the army. He was appointed colonel of an Ohio regiment. His bravery and conduct soon raised him to the rank of a major-general. Elected to Congress in December, 1863, he quitted the military to become a statesman. He was elected four times. In 1876 he became the recognised leader of the Republican party, was in January, 1880, unanimously elected a United States senator, and in November last was chosen by a large majority President. This month he enters upon his duties.

R. H.



## LANDSEER'S DOGS.



THIS is not the first time we have written in the "Leisure Hour" about Sir Edwin Landseer, specially about Landseer's dogs. If he had never painted a dog, he would still be one of the first painters, great in genius and great in art. In a general way British painters are not duly estimated by artistic foreigners. But even those who are prone to depreciate our schools of painting are full of eulogies of Landseer. His landscapes have grandeur of mountain and cloud, apart from the noble deer that no one could paint as he did. He has excelled also as a portrait painter, many a sportsman being made famous for all time along with their favourite horses and other dumb companions. But, after all, it is for his dogs that we most admire and love Landseer. In portraying every form and expression of dog-life he has never had a rival. It was in describing one of his pictures, "The Highland Breakfast"—inimitable also, by the way, as a cottage interior, and with a characteristic Scotch laddie—it was in reference to the dogs at breakfast that we thus wrote: "All animal painters have felt the need of catching and representing the various individualities of expression, but in striving to give effect to this desire, they have too generally impressed a sort of human look upon their animals. Landseer has avoided this defect. Prompted by some happy intuition, he has seemed to enter into the very feelings of his models. His dogs, though their features beam with intelligence, still remain *doggy*, there being no pretence or caricature of humanity about them." (L. H. 1864, p. 375.)

On asking a very competent judge both of art and of dogs, Dr. W. Gordon Stables, R.N., to give us some notes to accompany our frontispiece of the Lion Dog of Malta, with remarks on other of Landseer's dog pictures, he wrote that he had "applied to a friend to send a few of his engraved pictures, and was told that he had above a hundred engravings, valuing from ten to sixty guineas, and was afraid to trust so large a collection in such weather!" (it was during the arctic month of January). We knew that the pictures were numerous, and suppose that there is somewhere a complete catalogue of them, but few beyond art circles, we imagine, were aware that so many of the dog pictures were engraved. But let us hear Dr. W. Gordon Stables.

Landseer's dogs could talk to him, that is evident, and so they do to every one who knows and cares for them, and so, of course, they do to each other. Not in words do they talk, but by expression, which is often far more eloquent than words.

Just in one or two lines let me give you the

interpretation of the Lion Dog painting according to my own idea. The scene is an artist's study, quiet enough now in all conscience, for the only occupants are the group you can see, and the only sound the ticking of the clock—which you can imagine. There is nothing to alarm even the mouse which nibbles at the crust in the foreground. This mouse knows by instinct that Maltese terriers are not of the nature of cats, and that the St. Bernard is far too big and noble to think of begrudging him a crumb. But there is fear depicted in the expression of little Flossy's eyes and face; even her drooping tail—carried over her back in moments of gaiety—attests this, though reassured by honest Oscar. The Maltese dog is well painted, and would stand a chance at a good show of the present day. The St. Bernard is not so well up in "points." But Landseer was a man who cared little about points—he painted *nature*.

There is a tender air of sadness breathed from many of Landseer's works that is often positively painful, and we wonder at times why he painted such scenes, forgetting for the moment the tendency they have to make us kinder to the creatures under our care, and more inclined to try to lessen the grief and woe in the world.

Here is a picture that speaks for itself; it is that of a poor Scotch terrier, deserted and alone, yet chained to his kennel. The kennel is of the rudest description, merely a barrel, and the open end of it was turned towards the breeze. You can see that from the way the grass is blowing. No wonder he turns his head mournfully upwards with a look in his hazel eyes that would melt most eyes to pity, for there is no water in the cracked brown dish in the foreground, and not a sign of even a vestige of food to be seen. The only other figure in the picture is that of a snail, creeping along with slimy track behind him. Why, even the snail, slowly though it may creep, has its liberty, while he, the poor dog, is chained, forsaken, and forgotten—and by whom? By the only one he loves on earth—by the one he would spill every drop of his blood to defend. Assuredly this painting teaches a lesson to those who keep dogs, but starve and neglect them.

Landseer knew right well not only that all dogs when well treated are faithful, kind, and true, but also that the Highland collie is the most loving of any. "Faithful unto Death" might just as well be the title of the picture I have before me as I write, "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner." I have merely a small engraving at hand. It forms the frontispiece—and a very appropriate one too—to a small volume, full of kindly feeling towards the lower animals, entitled, "A Plea for Mercy to Animals." Why describe a picture which all have seen?—the simple and rude interior of a Highland cot, the



old-fashioned Bible on the stool, with spectacles on top, both laid down for ever, the shepherd's crook, "the bonnet broad and tartan plaid," the coffin, and *Collie*. Ah! there is where the pathos comes in, for *Collie* has his chin on the coffin, just as he used to lay it on his master's knee.

My beautiful Newfoundland—one of the grandest of his race—is lying not far from where I sit, and puts me in mind of Landseer's "Member of the Humane Society." I am sorry to say that good specimens of this splendid breed are every year get-

a truly humorous side to them. Is not the poodle dog, as the judge "Laying down the Law," absurdly like many a gentleman we have seen in wig and gown? Look at "Jack in Office" again. The master is not in the picture—he has gone down the area, perhaps—but I'll wager a penny that Jack, the dog in charge of the barrow, is a kind of canine reflection of him. It is a well-known fact that a dog who has been in close companionship with a man for a long time, takes after him in many ways, for a dog thinks his



DESERTED.

ting scarcer. It will do no harm to mention here that the pure black ones are the only true Newfoundlands, the white and black, which Landseer loved so well, are called after the good old man, and are always known as Landseers.\* They are, as a rule, splendid fellows, and deserve to be more popular. *Entre nous*, my patient reader, never own either a Landseer or true black Newfoundland who has a curly coat, however handsome such animals may look; take my word for it, they have an ugly cross in them. This fault is more easily forgiven, however, in the Landseer than in the true or black dog.

There are many of Landseer's pictures that have

master cannot err: and I sometimes wonder how vile and lost and low a person would become before his dog ceased to think of him as the best man in all the wide world? You doubtless remember Bill Sykes's dog and Bill Sykes. You see I put the nobler animal first.

Jack in Office is of the breed of dog called mongrel, and a mongrel apparently of the lowest type imaginable. Jack's father was nothing to swear by, you may be sure, and his mother but little better. Never mind, there is sometimes a word of praise due even to a mongrel, and Jack is doing his duty as well as his absent lord could wish. But we might fill a volume with comments on Landseer's dogs.

\* A name first applied to them by the writer.—Ed.

## A REAL LADY HELP.



HERE could not be a more agreeable house to visit at than 119, Thurloe Square, the residence of a barrister's widow, named Conyers, and her two daughters.

Mrs. Conyers was a bright, active little woman, in easy circumstances, and such an excellent manager that her friends declared she made a guinea go as far as thirty shillings did with other people. Her house was the quintessence of neatness, regularity, and elegant comfort. Just the sort of place where a sensible man would be apt to look for a wife, on the principle of "like mother, like daughter."

Ethel and Maude were such good-tempered, pretty girls, and had so many admirers, it was perhaps only natural their mother should expect them to make as good marriages as their eldest sister had recently done. According to her lights Mrs. Conyers had brought up her family fairly well, but as she believed a young woman's chief end in life was to secure a husband, the education of her daughters was too much conducted with this view.

They had a meagre smattering of French and German, could sing, ride, and play lawn-tennis, but knew as little about household affairs as if they had been "lilies of the field."

Yet, albeit the widow was not aware of the fact, the snugness and dainty arrangements of their home unconsciously enhanced her daughters' attractions in the eyes of a good many of their visitors.

Aunt Nancy, a maiden sister of the deceased barrister, was in the habit of paying an annual visit to his widow, and generally took the opportunity of lecturing her upon what she termed the "uselessness" of her daughters. "I'm sure, Maria," she would say, "it is to me perfectly incomprehensible how your conscience permits you to leave those poor girls in utter ignorance of what every woman, 'gentle or simple,' ought to be acquainted with. Playing the zither is all very well in its own place, and so is painting upon white satin buttons, but can either Ethel or Maude make a pudding or boil a potato?"

"Of course not. Much use such refined attainments would be to Annette, who gives her cook sixty guineas a year."

"But her sisters may not all happen to pair off

with rich antediluvians," returned the spinster, who, forty years before, had refused the gallant old general recently united to her niece. "Suppose, one of them prefers love in a cottage? or never mar—"

"Really, Nancy! your notions grow queerer every day. Handsome, good-looking girls are sure to get well settled, sufficiently so, at least, to make it a matter of perfect indifference whether they can tell raw beef from mutton, far less make a pudding—the idea of such a thing!"

"Well, well, you know the old proverb, '*Can do* is easily carried about,' even if one has no need to put it in practice. Will you allow the girls to attend the cookery class at South Kensington if I pay for their lessons?"

"Dear me, Nancy! What will you propose next? Just as if I would permit them to ruin their complexions over stew-pans and ovens. Why, her fine colour was the principal thing for which General Beaufort married Annette."

"Old fool! Well, Maria, all I can say is, that I trust the poor things may not live to regret their ignorance. Even if one is so placed that work is unnecessary, one can never be the worse for being able to give intelligent orders to one's servants. Look at yourself, for instance. Would this establishment go on in the methodical way it does if you were not such a capital housewife? I'm sure it would not cost you much trouble to initiate your daughters into the duties of which you are so thoroughly mistress."

"Thanks. But even if it were of the slightest use, I'd fifty times rather do a thing myself than be at the pains to teach other people."

## II.

BROMPTON Church was crowded the day the two pretty Miss Conyerses were married, and their creamy satin robes, Brussels veils, exquisite flowers, and handsome bridegrooms met with general approval.

Ethel's husband's regiment being in Canada, she of course accompanied him there, but Maude's home was in one of those new neighbourhoods, ten or a dozen miles from town, reached by a branch line of railway, but wanting, as yet, in various conveniences found in longer populated localities.

Alfred Seymour, pretty Maude's liege lord, was a Government *employé*, whose combined salary and patrimony produced an income of about—well, it was under a thousand a year. In person he was

tall, fair, and short-sighted, thirty-four years of age, and devoted to his charming young bride.

Their residence, Eden Lodge by name, was a small but handsomely appointed "detached" villa, standing in its own bit of ground, and the domestic establishment consisted of three females and a page of tender years. When Mr. Seymour was at home, the life he and his wife led was ideally delightful; but unfortunately he had to leave for his office by the 9 a.m. train, and did not return till 6 p.m., so although at first the novelty of her position kept up the girl's spirits during her long solitary days, the hours lagged slower and slower by degrees, till they literally appeared leaden-footed.

Not being much of a reader she tried music to pass the time, and painted two rose-buds and a fern-leaf upon a card, but, as the poet says,—

"Songs and stars, and flowers of all dyes,  
And moonshine and sunshine, and sweetest eyes—  
Be as fond of this sort of thing as you may—  
To make up a world, go a very short way."

Just as the erst gayest belle in Kensington was fast falling a prey to *ennui*, who should appear at the little gate one forenoon but Aunt Nancy, followed by a railway porter with her luggage—come to stay a week.

Possibly, had the girl not felt so utterly weary of her own society, the old lady's reception might have been less gushing, for Fred's wife was still sufficiently in love to grudge any interruption of their *tête-à-têtes*; but, at all events, both host and hostess made Miss Conyers feel they were glad to see her under the roof of Eden Lodge.

"Now, tell me, my dear," said the spinster next day, as she and her niece sat chatting cosily over their afternoon tea, "how do you get on with your housekeeping?"

"Well, auntie, to be candid, I'm afraid I don't know much about it. Our cook and housemaid were long with Fred's mother, and came here before I did, so they understand what he likes, and I do not require to interfere."

"But, my dear child, do you think it right to be a mere cipher in your own house? By the way, you were so soon married after my last visit in Thurloe Square, that I suppose you never had the cookery lessons about which I spoke to your mother?"

"No, Aunt Nan; but to let you into a secret—when Fred is in town I am sometimes so dismal for want of occupation that I sometimes almost be glad to scour blankets for a variety."

The spinster's visit was a decided success, but before its conclusion she discovered that, even if Maude wished to take any charge of her own house, the late Mrs. Seymour's elderly domestics would resent her interference.

"Yes, auntie," said the young wife, "although I am convinced Fred, dear fellow! considers Watson and Agnes neither more nor less than a couple of white elephants, he would feel it a mark of disrespect to his mother's memory were they to give up their places. Watson really sends up very nice

dinners, and though I don't particularly like either her or Agnes, things must just be as they are, I suspect. You are quite right, however, about my *uselessness*, and it has just struck me that were my husband to lose his appointment or money, his wife would be a drag upon him instead of a blessing."

The result of several such conversations was, that thrice a week, for the next two months, Maude went to town with Fred, who left her at the cookery school in Kensington, whence he fetched her in the afternoon, declaring sometimes that these little excursions and partings and meetings were almost as charming as a second "wooin' o't."

Mrs. Conyers and Mildred, being just then in Yorkshire, enjoying the hospitality of General Beaumont and Annette, remained ignorant how far Aunt Nancy had won over the beauty of the family to her utilitarian views.

Watson and the middle-aged housemaid were left undisturbed; but one step leads to another, and their mistress began to surmise that a knowledge of comestibles was not the only thing which had been omitted in her education; so, instead of yawning through her hours of solitude, she occupied them with good literature, which was gladly supplied by the enraptured Fred.

### III.

THANKS to plenty of evergreens, even gloomy, bleak November failed to make Eden Lodge look particularly dreary; while inside it was as snug and cheery an abode as good fires and other comforts could render it.

"Only fancy, Maude, who are in England!" said Mr. Seymour, embracing his wife, as she met him at the door on his return from London.

"Not the Andersons, surely?"

"No; but my old chums, the two Norrises, of whom you have heard me speak, and Tom Andrews. We used to be like brothers at Bonn thirteen years ago. Andrews is home from India on leave, and the Norrises have just returned from Australia. It is so strange, all being together once more. They are coming to dine with us on Thursday, and are pretty anxious to see *you*, little woman, I can tell you."

"It never rains but it pours," was Mr. Seymour's remark next morning at the breakfast-table, as he ran over a letter from his sister which had just come by post. "Listen, Maude," he said, "to what Jane says: 'Only imagine, Fred, old Mr. Beatoun, papa's rich cousin—of whom, as children, we used to hear so much—has at length returned to his native land, and is, I verily believe, looking up all his kith and kin to see who will make the fittest heir of his wealth—at least, I'm sure it's what he ought to do. He visited the John Seymours last week, Cousin Bruce on Monday, and dined here yesterday, when, as between ourselves, he seemed a bit of a *gourmand*. I flatter myself our jugged hare and oyster patties made a favourable impression. I mention this as a hint to Maude in case he should give you a call. But, joking apart, although slightly eccentric, he

appears a kindly old man, and not the least like my idea of a millionaire!"

That very afternoon the said Croesus interviewed Mr. Seymour at his office, and accepted an invitation to dine and sleep at Eden Lodge on the same day the other men were expected. So great preparations were made, and Watson and Agnes signified their intention of "having things uncommon nice" on the occasion.

"Yes, dear," said Fred, as he took leave of his wife on the morning of the party, "we shall all arrive at seven, by the train. We are going to take a run to Windsor, or somewhere, during the day, but I'll take care you are not kept waiting."

About half-past eleven Mrs. Seymour was practising a new song her husband particularly liked, when, hearing the gate open, she glanced out, but was startled on seeing a boy approaching the house with a telegram, which, however, was only for the parlour-maid, informing her of her father's serious illness, and bidding her hurry home instantly—which she did.

"Where is Agnes?" asked his mistress of Peters, the page, when he brought up lunch.

"Please, 'm, her's most dreadful bad with toothache, roarin' awful; and Watson says, please 'm, will you give out some more brandy for the puddin' and Agnes's teeth, 'm?"

In dismay, Maude flew to the kitchen, where things were in a regular muddle—Agnes rocking to and fro with pain, and Watson decidedly the worse for drink.

"It is too soon to put that game to the fire, cook!" she cried; "it will be roasted to a cinder!"

"Just you keep hupstairs, 'm," she stammered, insolently, "and I'll send the dinner up most beautiful!"

Poor Maude's head grew giddy with distress. Even if she telegraphed to Fred to put off his friends he would probably not be at the office; and he was so sensitive about propriety, that it would be dreadful to expose such a state of things in the home of which he had talked so lovingly to his old companions. Nearer town assistance might have been procured, but, except a cobbler's and two public-houses, there was not a shop of any kind within half a mile.

An idea struck her. "Run," she cried to Peters, "run for the gardener's wife! I remember she told me she had once been a cook."

Away flew the boy, and forthwith returned, followed by Mrs. Adams, a tidy elderly woman, who halted considerably in her gait from a rheumatic affection.

While Maude retired to consult with her, Watson took the opportunity of finishing the brandy which had been carried to the kitchen in order to give a little to Agnes, and was literally "drunk and incapable" when her mistress and Mrs. Adams entered.

It was a terrible plight for the young wife to be in, but love for her husband made her rise to the occasion, and oh! how in her heart of hearts she blessed Aunt Nancy.

The first thing was to haul Watson to bed, tell

Agnes to lie down in hers, and set Peters to prepare for laying the cloth for dinner. The gardener's wife knew hardly any cookery except plain roasting and boiling, but she was cleanly and willing, so as Maude undertook the more *recherché* dishes, by five o'clock matters were so well in train that her spirits grew quite light again; Fred would not be affronted after all.

Joyfully she danced up to the dining-room, gave a finishing touch to the lad's table arrangements, instructed him how to wait *single-handed*, and promised, if he did his best, he should be liberally rewarded next day.

*Aydimé!* As she spoke crack went the neck of a bottle of sherry he was uncorking and cut his right hand fearfully. So Maude, now faint and sick, heard six o'clock strike while she was still bandaging the poor little fellow's wound.

But for the prospect of Fred's speedy arrival with the four strangers this fresh mishap would have "floored" her entirely, but again she screwed up her courage to the point of duty.

One comfort was, that the culinary operations were proceeding satisfactorily. "Now, Mrs. Adams," she said, "I am sure you will dish everything nicely, and be sure the plates are hot."

"Yes, ma'am, but I'm astonished how well a young lady like you understands them sort of matters."

"I learnt all that at the cookery class, where I began at the *beginning* with scullery work."

"Dear me, ma'am! It's wonderful how the gentry does things nowadays; and I must say you make puff-paste first-rate. But what is to be done about waiting? That stupid boy is quite helpless with his hand."

"I mean to wait myself."

"You, ma'am?"

"Yes; there's no help for it. Stay. I shall baste this turkey while you go to Mary's room and see if you can find me one of her caps and a clean apron. My husband is so short-sighted he'll never find out the difference, and as for the others, they never saw me in their lives."

When the party arrived in high spirits their host left them in the drawing-room, and went to look for his wife, who had not yet put on her official "fixings," and said, quietly, "Peters has cut his hand so badly he can't wait, so *one* less at table will be convenient when there's only a woman. Besides, don't you think, dear, you men will enjoy yourselves better without me, and when you come to the drawing-room I shall be ready to sing and make myself generally agreeable?"

"All right, wife. Be sure you put on your pink dress."

#### IV.

HAD Mr. Seymour not been so very near-sighted he must have been as much struck as his guests by the exceeding comeliness of the servant, who, in a plain cap, apron, and Peters's white cotton gloves, announced gravely that "dinner waited."

It was a joyous and most successful entertainment, and by-and-by, when Maude began to spy the near end of her troubles, she could hardly



keep her gravity at the *sotto voce* remarks upon her activity and appearance.

"Remarkably good-looking 'help' you've got, Seymour," said the Chicago millionaire, "and mighty smart to the bargain," which encomium, however, was passed while the subject of it happened to be at the room door, receiving one of her own daintiest confections to place upon the table.

"Handsome help! I think so?" answered Fred, innocently, without troubling to look round. "Well, tastes differ, of course."

A happy woman was Maude that night, as looking prettier than ever, in her becoming maiden-blush silk gown, she sat resting on a low chair in the drawing-room, expecting her husband and his guests.

"Let me introduce you to my wife," he said, proudly, as, with his glass fixed in his eye, he presented them individually.

One of the Norrises was a good amateur artist, but strange to say, old Mr. Beatoun was the only person to discover his hostess's identity with the

charming "help;" and then what peals of laughter there were, and how gaily and gallantly the *ci-devant* Mary was complimented upon her little ruse, while Fred's eyes grew so dim as he looked at her, that he had to wipe his pince-nez, and turn away for an instant to recover composure.

She had a very sweet voice, and this being a time and place when even Aunt Nancy would have voted for music, the strangers were treated to some charming ballads, and felt more convinced than ever that Fred's wife was the Koh-i-Noor of her sex.

But the upshot of the story was best of all, for what should the millionaire do next morning after breakfast but ask his host and hostess to live with him as his son and daughter, saying, with quaint old-fashioned politeness, as he kissed her hand, "I shall have the handsomest and *spryest* lady in London at the head of my table when you remove to the Cromwell Road, where I have purchased a house."

Which accordingly came to pass, to Aunt Nancy's immense satisfaction.

## Varieties.

**Basutoland.**—In 1875 a census was taken, when the official returns showed a population of 127,000 souls, possessing 217,732 horned cattle, 35,357 horses, 303,080 sheep, 215,485 goats, 299 wagons, 2,749 ploughs, the total value of which was estimated at £1,250,000. The exports of the year were 300,000 bushels of maize and 2,000 bales of wool, valued at £45,000, whilst the revenue was £16,523. No census has since been taken, but in 1878 the revenue had increased to £20,433. Ninety Government schools were in operation; a handsome building, with teacher's residence, to form the nucleus of an industrial institution, had been built; a Superintendent of Education had been appointed at a salary of £600 per annum, and the total expenditure for educational purposes for the year was £5,000. It would be difficult to cite an instance of more rapid progress from semi-barbarism to civilisation.

**A Tribute to the United States.**—The "Times," in an article on the increase of the population of the United States during the last decade, as shown by the recent census, bears the following testimony to the character and condition of the population of the States:—"These eleven and a half millions of people are not a poor, indigent, and untaught mass, such as would be produced in any European State by so great and rapid an accession to the population. They are well-fed, clothed, well-to-do, and, as a rule, well educated. There is room and to spare for them all, and for as many more during the next ten years. We cannot but look with some envy on a nation whose easy lot it is to gather up the good things which fortune casts to it."

**Ireland's Improvement.**—I take it as one of the things most cheering in this disturbed state of Ireland that all the figures of the magistrates, whom you blame, and of the police, whom you distrust, have not been able to show more than the death by violence of seven or eight people. That shows how great strides the Irish people have made from the barbarism of fifty years ago, and I take comfort in believing that notwithstanding the present time of trouble there is visible in the Irish people

throughout an improvement which those who are not acquainted with their condition now, but who were acquainted with their condition fifty years ago, would hardly think possible. The wages in Ireland are double, nay, triple, what they were fifty years ago. All over Ireland people are better dressed, and, with certain temporary exceptions, better fed than they were thirty, forty, or fifty years ago; and, notwithstanding all that we see and all that is true and to be regretted in the condition of Ireland, the population of that country are far superior in condition, and intelligence, and civilisation than in the days when I entered this House.—*Mr. Bright.*

**Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary.**—The origin of this classic and standard work was remarkable. In the early years of the present century a learned Icelander, Grim Thorkelin, Professor of Antiquities at Copenhagen, during a visit to Scotland, recognised many purely Gothic words, and others not known or obsolete in modern English. He urged Dr. Jamieson, then residing in Forfar, to note down and record vernacular words and phrases. The task was undertaken, and proved a congenial study to the Scottish minister. His notes grew into a large book of four volumes. It was welcomed not only by his compatriots, but by scholars of all countries. Jamieson's Dictionary took the same place for the Scottish language that Johnson's Dictionary held for that of England. There is this difference, however, that while the English tongue has acquired large additions from the progress of knowledge and the advancement of science, there has not been room for similar expansion in the Scottish tongue. Modern additions are common to both countries. There was room for further elucidation of old Scottish speech and literature, but Jamieson's Dictionary can never be superseded or become merely the basis for larger works. The original edition has long been a scarce book. An abridgment has had wide circulation, and every Scottish dictionary or glossary has been drawn from Jamieson's book. A spirited and patriotic provincial publisher, Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, has undertaken the reissue of the original Jamieson,

carefully revised and edited, and with the supplement made by the author incorporated in the body of the work. The edition will be comprised in four large quarto volumes of about 700 pages each, of which two have appeared. The editors, Dr. John Longmuir and Mr. D. Donaldson, have done their part well, while the typography and whole appearance of the book is in every way creditable to the publisher. We have seen some of the proof sheets, the notes and corrections on which attest the careful and intelligent labour of the editors. The work will be a welcome addition to many a library, not in Scotland only, but in all countries. It is more than a dictionary of words, being rich in national humour and antiquarian lore, and abounding in happy illustrations of old manners and customs.

**Edinburgh University in 1880.**—The aggregate number of students who matriculated during the year was 3,172, being an increase of 316 on the previous register. These were divided between the different Faculties as follows:—In the Faculty of Arts there were 1,020 students; in the Faculty of Divinity, 78; in the Faculty of Law, 440; and in the Faculty of Medicine, 1,634. In the latter Faculty the gradually increasing ratio of increase is probably due in a great measure to the continued wide range of supply of students, to which India, our colonies, and even foreign countries largely contribute. The entries in the register show that of the 1,634 students in the Faculty of Medicine, 679 were from Scotland, 558 from England, 28 from Ireland, 112 from India, 204 from the different British colonies, and 53 from foreign countries. The percentage composition from the different countries is, therefore, as follows:—Scotland, 41; England, 34; Ireland, 2; India, 7; British colonies, 13; foreign countries, 3.

The list of graduates for 1880 gives the following results:—In the Faculty of Arts, 100 took the degree of M.A., and 14 took the degree of D.Sc. or B.Sc. in the science department of that Faculty. In the Faculty of Divinity, 9 took the degree of B.D. In the Faculty of Law, 4 took the degree of LL.B., and 6 the minor degree of B.L. In the Faculty of Medicine, 29 proceeded to the degree of M.D., 129 took the double degree of M.B. and C.M., and 5 took the degree of M.B. only. The average proportion of students taking degrees in the several Faculties was, therefore, about 1 in 9 in the Faculty of Arts, 1 in 9 in the Faculty of Divinity, 1 in 44 in the Faculty of Law, and 1 in 10 in the Faculty of Medicine.

The register of members of the General Council of the University for the past year has just been completed. The register shows an increase of 52 over that of last year, the number enrolled being 4,438, as against 4,386 last year.

**Irish Landholdings.**—In all England and Scotland taken together there are only 80,000 farms. In Ireland there are 563,000. Still more remarkable is this, that of the so-called farms of one acre there are 51,000; and not exceeding five acres there are 66,000, including, of course, the smallest. Then, not exceeding fifteen acres, including the two former figures, there are 232,000. Now, this number, large as it is, has been greatly diminished, for in 1841 there were nearly 800,000 of those farms.

**Cunard Ships.**—The energy and administrative skill of the Cunard Company received new illustration at the beginning of the Transvaal war. When the news came of the massacre of the men of the 94th Regiment there was an instant demand for transport ships. The *Palmyra*, screw-steamer, 2,144 tons, one of the Cunard Company's boats, was engaged to take out the C Battery 1st Brigade Royal Artillery. The *Palmyra* was docked at Liverpool on Tuesday, 28th December, from the Mediterranean, having arrived with a cargo of fruit. On the evening of the same day the ship was engaged by the Government. Mr. Henry MacIver, one of the managing directors, went down from London that night, and sent a telegram to the marine superintendent, informing him that the ship was to be in Portsmouth on Sunday. The superintendent had to leave his bed, go to Liverpool, and muster the stevedore's staff and men, and at midnight they started to work. They discharged 2,500 tons of cargo, put the ship in the graving dock, scraped and painted her hull, put in 620 tons of coal and 200 tons of ballast, fitted extra water tanks, and extra condensers for making fresh water; holystoned, cleaned, and painted the whole of the between

decks and orlop decks; also took the engines to pieces and overhauled them; cleaned the boilers and engine-room, and painted the ship outside, besides which she shipped wines, beer, and spirits, and other necessary stores for a six months' voyage. The *Palmyra* left Liverpool Docks at 10.30 on Friday morning, all the above work having been completed under sixty hours. She steamed into Portsmouth early on Sunday morning. The same celerity was displayed in 1879, when the *Palmyra* took out troops for the Zulu War. In 1879 the four Cunarders were the first out to Durban, and they all landed their men and horses without a single calamity.

**Books of the Year.**—According to the annual table given in the "Publishers' Circular," there have been issued during the past twelve months 4,293 new books, and 1,415 new editions, making together 5,708. Divided into fourteen classes, there were published: Theology, sermons, biblical, etc., 708 new books and 267 new editions; educational, classical, and philological, 507 and 168; juvenile works and tales, 564 and 155; novels, tales, and other fiction, 380 and 200; law, jurisprudence, etc., 87 and 58; political and social economy, trade and commerce, 204 and 22; arts, sciences, and illustrated works, 302 and 117; voyages, travels, geographical research, 211 and 74; history, biography, etc., 286 and 77; poetry and the drama, 132 and 55; year books and serials in volumes, 353; medicine, surgery, etc., 148 and 54; belles lettres, essays, monographs, etc., 80 and 86; miscellaneous, including pamphlets, not sermons, 271 and 82. In the year preceding the numbers were:—New books, 4,294; new editions, 1,540; together, 5,834.

**Short-Weight Coin.**—It is stated by Mr. R. H. Hill, superintendent of the operative department of the Royal Mint, that the purchase of dirt adhering to gold costs no less than £311 per 1,000,000 sovereigns, and £334 per 2,000,000 half-sovereigns. The delicate calculation, it is said, was made by washing coin, which proved that the loss of weight on 1,000 sovereigns was 0.08 oz., and 0.043 oz. on 1,000 half-sovereigns.—*City Press*.

**A Fool and his Money.**—The Manchester papers recently reported the death of Charles Cartwright, aged sixty-four, who had been for many years an inmate of the Chorlton workhouse, and for some time past had held an office of a subordinate kind in the house. It was stated that he had run through two fortunes of £40,000 and £80,000 each. He lived contentedly in the workhouse, and employed a portion of his time in writing poetry, and also sermons for some clergymen with whom he was connected. When in possession of his wealth he drove regularly to his works in a carriage drawn by four horses, and he seemed unable to restrain his extravagance when temporarily out of the workhouse. At one time his friends allowed him £1 per week, which, according to the clerk to the guardians, he used to spend in driving about in cabs, smoking expensive cigars, or dining at the most expensive restaurants.

**Endymion and Myra.**—Lord Beaconsfield's ideal portraiture of children in the home of an English gentleman is a "curiosity of literature," worthy of having been included in the elder Disraeli's book. At seventy-five the noble author retains the sparkling imagination and florid taste of his early years. *Endymion and Myra*, it should be explained, are the children of William Ferrars, who, in 1828 (just after the death of Canning), is a Privy Councillor; and these are the portraits which Lord Beaconsfield draws of his hero and heroine at a dinner party given by their father:—

"With the dessert, not without some ceremony, were introduced the two most remarkable guests of the entertainment, and these were the twins; children of singular beauty, and dressed, if possible, more fancifully and brilliantly than their mamma. They resembled each other, and had the same brilliant complexions, rich chestnut hair, delicately arched brows, and dark blue eyes. Though only eight years of age, a most unchildlike self-possession distinguished them. The expression of their countenances was haughty, disdainful, and supercilious. Their beautiful features seemed quite unimpassioned, and they moved as if they expected everything to yield to them. The girl, whose long ringlets were braided with pearls, was ushered to a seat next to her father, and, like her brother, who was placed by Mrs. Ferrars, was soon

engaged in negligently tasting delicacies, while she seemed apparently unconscious of any one being present, except when she replied to those who addressed her with a stare and a haughty monosyllable. The boy, in a black velvet jacket with large Spanish buttons of silver filagree, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of white satin, replied with reserve, but some condescension, to the good-natured but half-humorous inquiries of the husband of Zenobia."

**Byron and Peel.**—An interesting record is given by Lord Byron of his contemporaries at Harrow. Peel was noted for a considerable period rather for his docility and submission than for brilliancy; but after a time he advanced with great rapidity, and left all competitors behind. Byron wrote thus of him:—"Peel, the orator and statesman (that was, or is, or is to be), was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all—masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy, out of school I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it I knew it nearly as well."

**Value of Land in the City.**—Two or three months ago a special jury, empanelled before Sir Thomas Chambers, assessed at an enormous sum the compensation and damages awarded to a tradesman named Wilkinson, who keeps a beef shop in Gracechurch Street, the premises in question being bought under compulsory sale by the Corporation. As usual there was a dispute as to the value of the property, which it was shown had been bought in 1857 for £2 15s. a foot. One set of witnesses declared that compensation might be granted on the basis of 10s. a foot annual rental at twenty years' purchase, with the cost of the building on the land added thereto. Another fixed a still higher sum, and the Recorder directed the jury to give the claimant "the fair but full rental value for his freehold," and twenty years' purchase, with ten per cent. added for compulsory sale, and compensation for damage done to the business by disturbance, the business being worth £1,000 a year. The verdict was that Mr. Wilkinson is to get £16,500 for the superficial area of 640 feet of land he owns. The basis on which this valuation was fixed was that the freehold was worth £18 18s. a foot, or £823,284 per acre, and as it was actually sold for £2 15s. per foot in 1857, we thus gain a very vivid notion of the rate at which the value of land in the City has increased.

**Fulfilled Dreams.**—A correspondent to the London "Daily News" vouches for the absolute truth of the following curious instances of "fulfilled dreams." "Some years ago," says the correspondent, "the Rev. Thomas Snow, then vicar of Richmond, in Surrey, was travelling in France, with his eldest son. One morning Mrs. Snow came down to breakfast with a very alarmed expression of countenance (I was staying in the vicarage at the time), and said, 'I had a most distressing dream last night. I dreamt that I saw Mr. Snow and Doyley put into a hearse, and as it were, carried off to burial.' A letter from the travellers a few days after dispelled the apprehensions naturally excited by this gruesome dream, and on their return they were told what Mrs. Snow had seen. 'Well,' said Mr. Snow, 'that is most remarkable. On the day you mention Doyley and I were walking in the country, near Paris, when we were overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm and in danger of getting wet through. Whilst we were looking for shelter a hearse drove up, returning from a funeral, and the driver kindly offered us a lift. *Faute de mieux*, we jumped inside, and in this strange vehicle made our entrance into Paris.' The other is a still stranger instance of a 'strangely fulfilled dream,' and was told me by an old friend, who was himself the hero of the tale. The Rev. John Monkhouse, incumbent of Newslands, near Keswick, dreamt three times in one night that Forster's Bank, in Carlisle, had failed. This dream so preyed upon his mind, that though Forster's Bank was supposed throughout Cumberland to be 'safe as the Bank of England,' he determined to go next day and withdraw a large sum of trust money (I think some £5,000) which he had deposited in the bank for security.

The money was paid without the slightest demur in hard cash, which rather staggered his belief in the truth of his dream. He went about his other business in Carlisle, and hearing no whisper in the course of the day as to the instability of the bank, and having no other investment ready, he actually went and put the money back again! In a few days the bank failed, and he lost every sixpence, except some very trifling dividend. I make no comment upon these extraordinary dreams, but relate them as simple facts, which came within my own cognizance at first hand."

**Reminiscences of Lord Nelson.**—An obituary notice in the "Times" last autumn recorded the death of an old gentleman who had seen the funeral of Lord Nelson. There was nothing extraordinary in this. Mr. Timbs, in his "Recollections," published a few years ago in the "Leisure Hour," described the funeral, which was one of the earliest events of which he had a clear recollection. A Mr. John Church, of Lee Terrace, Kent, sent to the "Times" the following reminiscence:—"I can remember being taken by my father to a friend's house to see the procession accompanying the boat containing his remains passing up the river from the ship in which they were brought to England. I was also a boarder at a school in Wimbledon kept by a Dr. Lancaster, at the time curate of Merton, a neighbouring village in which Lord Nelson lived, with whom the doctor was very intimate. His lordship often came to see him, and these visits gave great pleasure to the boys (about 50), who always got a holiday, for Lord Nelson was very fond of boys. On one of his visits which took place at our dinner-hour, he came into the dining-hall, when we all rose to salute him, when he told us to resume our seats, as he wanted to 'see us eat.' We did so, while he walked round the table, much enjoying the sight. On another occasion the doctor invited him and Sir William Hamilton (our Ambassador at Naples) and Lady Hamilton, who were staying with him at Merton, to witness the performance of a play by a Mr. Barrymore and his wife, who went about the country with a small stage, etc., performing at gentlemen's houses. The performance took place in the hall of the house, in which the stage was erected, Lord Nelson, Sir W. Hamilton, and his lady sitting on one side, the doctor and a few friends on the other, the boys of the school on benches behind. The play was 'George Barnwell'; the after-piece, 'Peeping Tom of Coventry.' During the performance Lord Nelson called one of the boys to him, where he remained during the evening, and while there admired the star on his coat very much, which his lordship endeavoured to remove for the boy, but, finding he could not do so, he took the sash of some Order he was wearing and put it on the boy. I went to the school in the year 1800, and this happened in the year 1803, I think, but certainly was just before he left England to take the command of the fleet with which he gained the victory of Trafalgar, taking with him the eldest son of the doctor to be a midshipman on board the Victory."

**Sanitary Inspection.**—Commander F. Clifford de Louzada, R.N., who has given much attention to sanitary matters, makes the following suggestions in reporting what is done in Edinburgh:—"In Edinburgh," he says, "they appear to me to have done something practical. Householders have associated themselves together, and for a small annual fee—I think one guinea—they may have their drains inspected whenever they please by an officer of the association who makes this his special business, and he supplies them and the committee of the association with a written report of the defects he finds in the system, and recommends such alterations as he considers necessary to make them perfectly safe. Should the householder carry out his suggestions, he inspects the work before it is covered up, and sees that it is properly executed. I am not sure whether he provides the householder and the association with a plan of the drains as he found them, and as he proposes they should become, but I think it would be an advantage if such were the case. The officer works under the direction of the committee, who meet periodically to give some of their time and attention to this most important subject. They have some eminent scientific names on their board, and their chairman is, I believe, a professor of engineering at the University."

"The result is that most of the houses in the new part of Edinburgh are perfectly free from sewer gas; and some of the



hotel-keepers in Princes Street to whom I have spoken on the subject have informed me, with evident satisfaction, that there could be no danger in their houses, as the drains had been inspected and 'passed' by the officer of this society. What a boon it would be if the hotel and lodging-house keepers in London could give the same assurance to the many invalids who flock hither for medical advice.

"Now, in order to carry out the teaching of the Sanitary Congress, a similar society should be formed in every town. Were such societies universal in England they would soon form public opinion as to the necessity for legislation."

**Drawing by King Louis Philippe.**—A French paper, "L'Evenement," tells the following anecdote:—"In 1845 Louis Philippe commissioned Couder to paint a picture of vast size, representing the Federation of 1790, to be hung at Versailles. Couder at once set to work, but did not think of submitting a preliminary sketch to the king. When the picture was far advanced the king went to see it, and, to the artist's dismay, coolly remarked, 'Your picture is very striking, M. Couder, but it is not the Federation of 1790. You have been deceived in your epoch. The minority was not mistress of the Revolution in 1790. I was there—saw the whole scene, and it was not at all like this. I must tell you frankly that you must begin your whole work over again.' The artist, of course, was in despair, for the picture was nearly finished. He got several art authorities and M. de Montalivet to intercede, but the king would not give way. He demanded another picture, and, inviting the artist to breakfast, showed him a sketch he had made from memory of the event. It is that sketch that has now been sold. It must be added that the price fixed for the painting had been 25,000 fr., and this Louis Philippe paid for the rejected work, agreeing to pay the same for another picture painted according to his own design. 'It is a dear bargain,' he remarked, 'but I owe it to history.'" The royal sketch was lately, we believe, sold in London.

**Special Juries in Ireland.**—The following is the process of selection which is gone through in the Crown Office, each side being represented. Every name on the special jury list has a number placed before it in the book, the whole number is reduced by ballot to 48, and the numbers representing those 48 names are put into a ballot-box and drawn out separately, each party having a right to object to 12. The total is thus reduced to 24, and out of these names, called in court, the jury is taken, each party in court having a right, under Lord O'Hagan's Act, to challenge six jurors. The right of challenge did not exist at all in cases of misdemeanour before that Act. All idea of packing a jury or practising any unfairness towards defendants is out of the question.

**Finding Faults and Finding Fault.**—It is hardly possible to meet with a book, or article, or still less any person, without faults. When these are pointed out in a kind or courteous way, no offence need be taken, but rather gratitude felt to the finder of the faults. But the habit of finding fault is a very different affair. There are some people who seem to take delight in discovering and exposing errors or imperfections. With regard to books, there are critics blind to every merit, but sharp to see any error, even if it be obviously only a reader's oversight or a printer's blunder. The same nasty, carping, cantankerous spirit some persons show in regard to their neighbours, and to all with whom they come in contact. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," is a Divine command not understood by them, and they are always ready to behold the mote in a brother's eye, instead of casting out the beam out of their own eye. There is no more disagreeable person in life than one of whom it is said that he is always "finding fault."

**The Bheels.**—The Rev. Mr. Bickersteth, of Hampstead, has, we understand, given £1,000 to start a mission among the Bheel tribes of the Bombay hills. They are a most interesting people. In his young days, Sir James Outram, "the Bayard of the Indian army," was among them.

From 1825 to 1835 Outram was the commander of a Bheel corps in the province of Khandesh, a tract lying north-east of Bombay, which had been incorporated in British territory after the downfall of the Peshava in 1818. It was a land of

hills and jungle, which had once been fertile and populous, but having been periodically desolated by the Mahrattas during their annual northward raids, had been virtually given up to marauding tribes, among whom the Bheels were the most numerous and intractable. They were a race of robbers and hunters, the "Rob Roys of India," with predatory instincts as literally inherited as those of the wild beasts of their native forests, and were looked upon by the more settled population very much in the same light as those wild beasts—creatures to be hunted down without mercy.

For seven years after Khandesh fell into our hands every effort to bring the Bheels to order, either by conciliatory or repressive measures, proved futile. At last, in 1825, the province was divided into three agencies, over each of which a European officer was placed and entrusted with supreme administrative and executive functions. One of these officers was Lieutenant Outram, and to him, in addition, was assigned the duty of raising a Bheel Light Infantry corps, under native commissioned and non-commissioned officers of line regiments.

The task did not seem a hopeful one, but the Bombay Government, of which the discerning Mountstuart Elphinstone was then the head, had judged rightly that Outram was the man to accomplish it. And this he did: he first brought about the pacification of his district by resolutely hunting down some of the more troublesome Bheel chiefs, and leading the people to respect his authority and the firmness of his purpose, and then he gained their hearts by free intercourse with them, by living unguarded amongst them, and by proving himself a more daring and successful hunter than the most renowned *shikar* in all their tribe. Very soon he had found the nucleus of a Bheel corps which was passionately devoted to him, and would have obeyed any order he chose to give; and in 1828 he had got a corps more than 600 strong, and so efficient that the country had been restored to a condition of absolute quiet. Such was the personal charm and influence he exercised among this wild people that even still "his memory lingers in Khandesh, shrouded by a semi-divine halo. A few years ago some of his old *sipahis* happened to light upon an ugly little image. Tracing in it a fancied resemblance to their old commandant, they forthwith set it up, and worshipped it as 'Outram Sahib.'"

His daring and skill as a hunter were many times displayed during the long and useful tenure of his Khandesh appointment. Sir F. Goldsmid, in his "Life of Outram," relates many anecdotes of his exploits, one of which will suffice as a sample:—

"In April or May, 1825, news having been brought in by his *shekari*, Chima, that a tiger had been seen on the side of the hill under the Mussulman temple, among some prickly-pear bushes, Lieutenant Outram and another sportsman proceeded to the spot. Outram went on foot, and his companion on horseback. Searching through the bushes, when close on the animal, Outram's friend fired and missed, on which the tiger sprang forward roaring, seized Outram, and they rolled down the side of the hill together. Being released from the claws of the ferocious beast for a moment, Outram, with great presence of mind, drew a pistol he had with him, and shot the tiger dead. The Bheels, on seeing that he had been injured, were one and all loud in their grief and expressions of regret; but Outram quieted them with the remark, 'What do I care for the clawing of a cat!' This speech was rife among the Bheels for many years afterwards, and may be so until this day."

**Philadelphia as a Manufacturing City.**—The following statistics, while they show the prosperity and progress of the great city of Philadelphia, has interest for comparison with great manufacturing centres in England and other countries. Philadelphia is the largest manufacturing city in the United States, and her census of manufactures just completed shows 9,050 establishments, employing 197,964 hands, and having 186,686,934 dollars capital invested. During the year they paid 63,027,832 dollars for wages and 202,506,644 dollars for materials, while the value of the manufactured product was 322,984,461 dollars. An examination of these figures shows that the manufacturers did a most excellent business, for the goods, costing them 265½ millions to make, if sold at the figures given, realised fifty-seven millions profit, or over thirty per cent. on the invested capital, and over twenty per cent. advance on the cost of the goods themselves.



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